

BLACK DIAMOND  
WESTERN

AUTHORIZED  
A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS  
to the  
COMICS  
CODE

# BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



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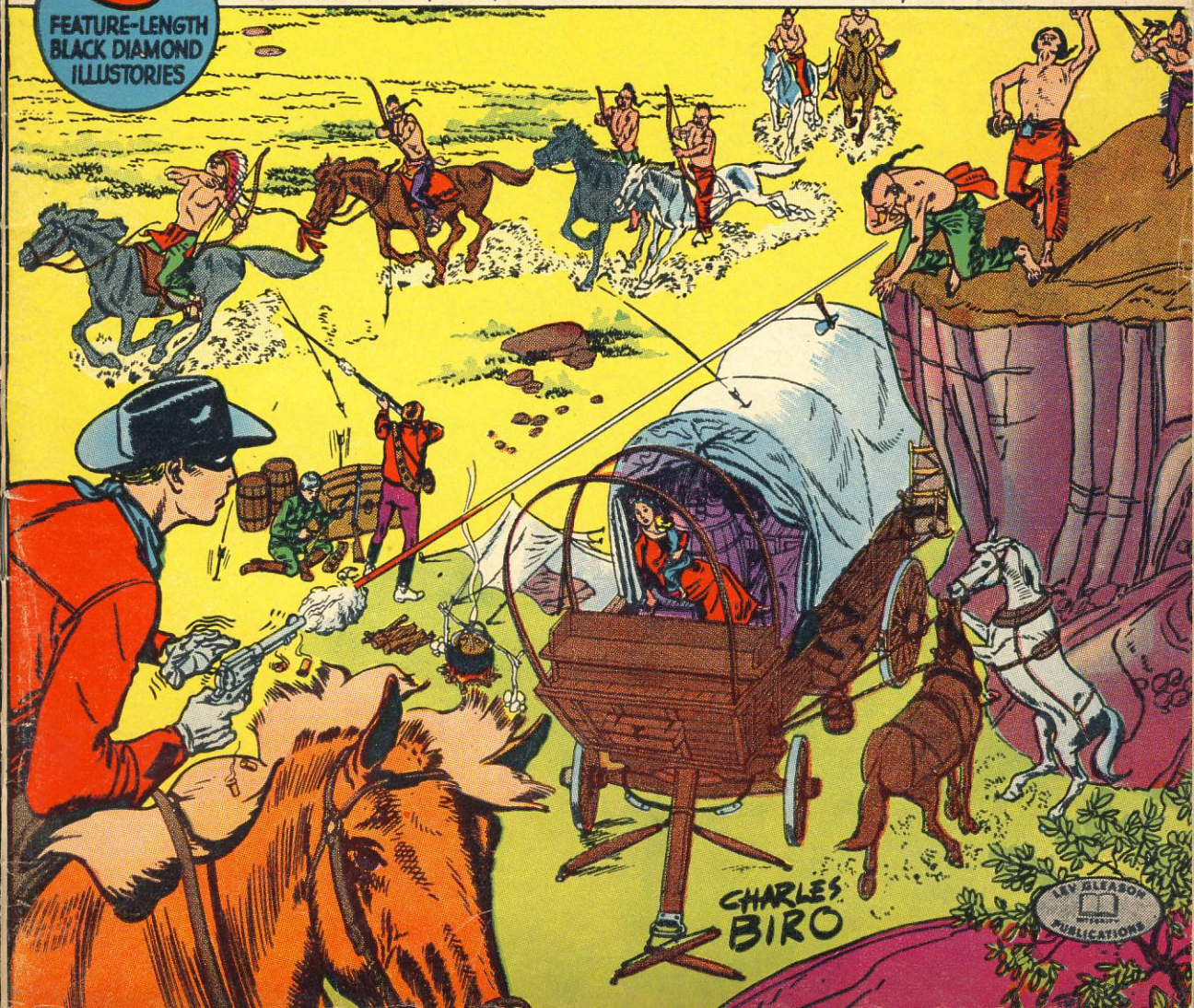
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FEATURE-LENGTH  
BLACK DIAMOND  
ILLUSTORIES

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PUBLICATIONS





# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM







# BLACK DIAMOND

meets "THE GREEDY PALEFACE"



**I**N THE DAYS WHEN BLACK DIAMOND PATROLLED DANGEROUS INDIAN TERRITORIES, THE LUST AND GREED FOR GOLD SPARKED AS MUCH VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED AS THERE WERE BANDITS AND HATE-CRAZED TRIBES! IT TOOK JUST ONE MAN, MADDENED BY THE WORD "GOLD" TO SET OFF AN UPRISING WHICH ALMOST DESTROYED THE PEACE BETWEEN UTES AND WHITE MEN WHICH BLACK DIAMOND HAD ONCE FOUGHT FOR AND WON! HIS NAME WAS MIKE O'SHEA...

ONE NIGHT WHEN BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER DROPPED INTO A WESTERN TRADING POST...





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



WE WANT GOODS! FLOUR, SUGAR!

YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT IF YOU SHOW ME YOUR MONEY, CHIEF BLACK EAGLE!



GOLD! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?

MY GOLD! I NOT TELL!



WHERE'D YOU GET THAT GOLD, YOU LOUSE?

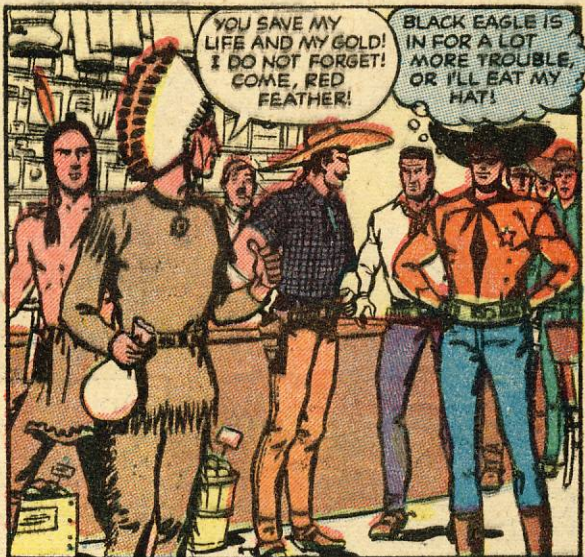
CHOKO, GASP, UGH!...

HEY! STOP! MIKE!



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

GOLD! WHERE'D HE GET THAT GOLD?



YOU SAVE MY LIFE AND MY GOLD! I DO NOT FORGET! COME, RED FEATHER!

BLACK EAGLE IS IN FOR A LOT MORE TROUBLE OR I'LL EAT MY HAT!

MOMENTS LATER, BLACK DIAMOND'S SIXTH SENSE GOT THE BETTER OF HIM!



COME ON, BUMPER, I HAVE AN IDEA!

OKAY, DIAMOND! I GOT A GOOD IDEA WHAT IT IS—MIKE BEARS WATCHING!

I'LL SHOW THOSE WISE GUYS!

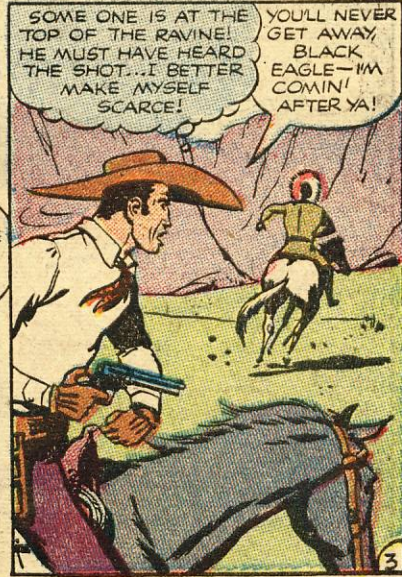
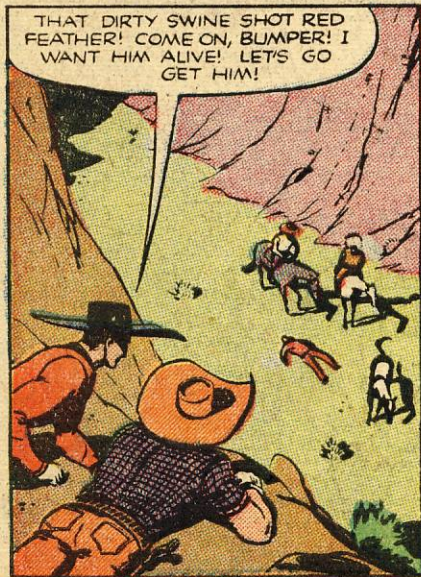
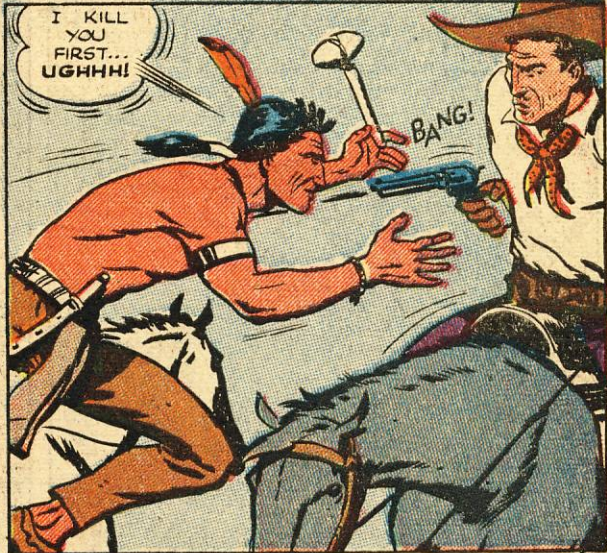
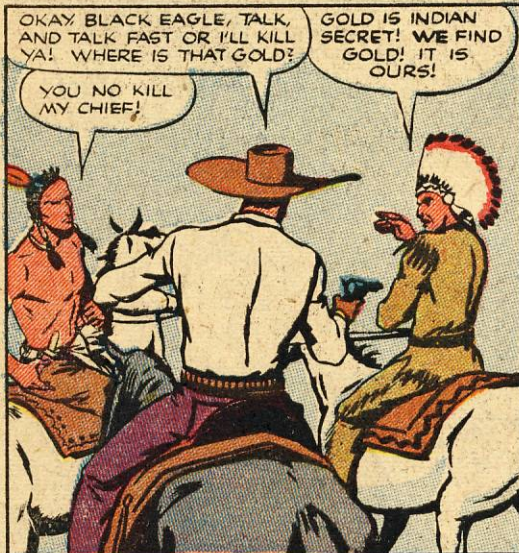
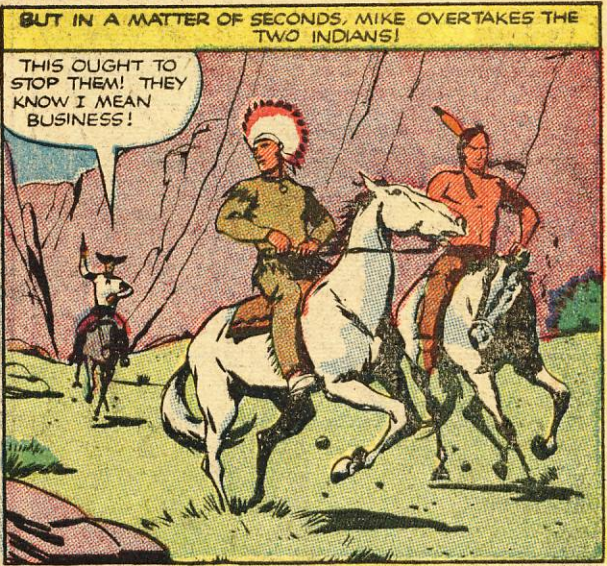
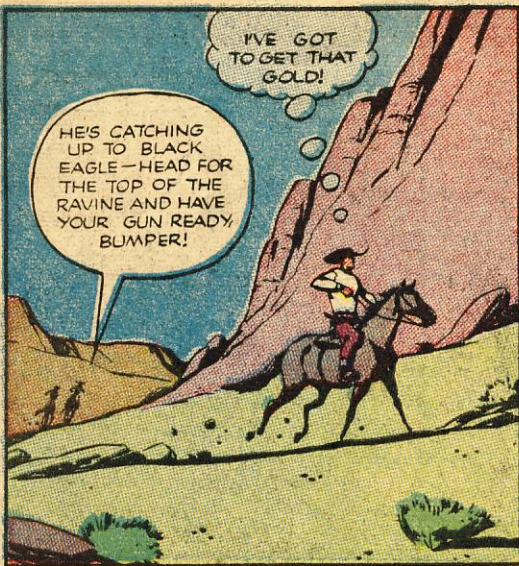


LET'S GET GOING, BUMPER! MIKE IS UP TO NO GOOD!

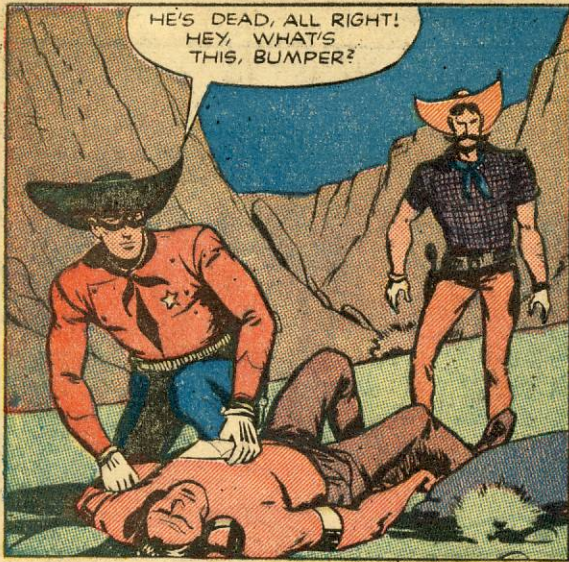
JUST WHAT I FIGURED, DIAMOND!

THAT MASKED MARSHAL AIN'T AS SMART AS HE THINKS!

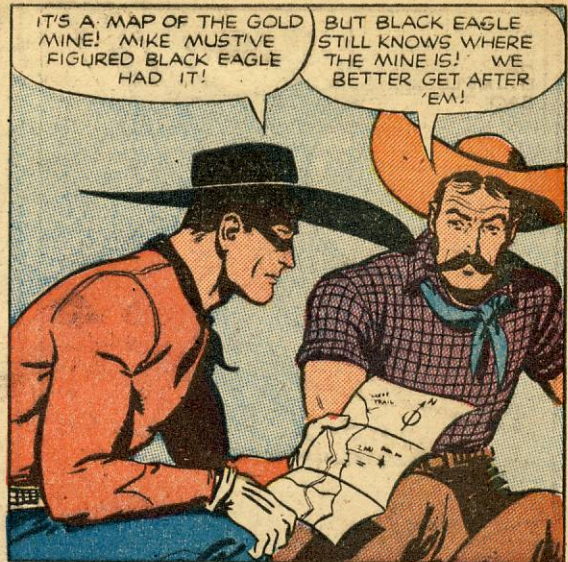








HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!  
HEY, WHAT'S  
THIS, BUMPER?



IT'S A MAP OF THE GOLD  
MINE! MIKE MUST'VE  
FIGURED BLACK EAGLE  
HAD IT!

BUT BLACK EAGLE  
STILL KNOWS WHERE  
THE MINE IS! WE  
BETTER GET AFTER  
'EM!

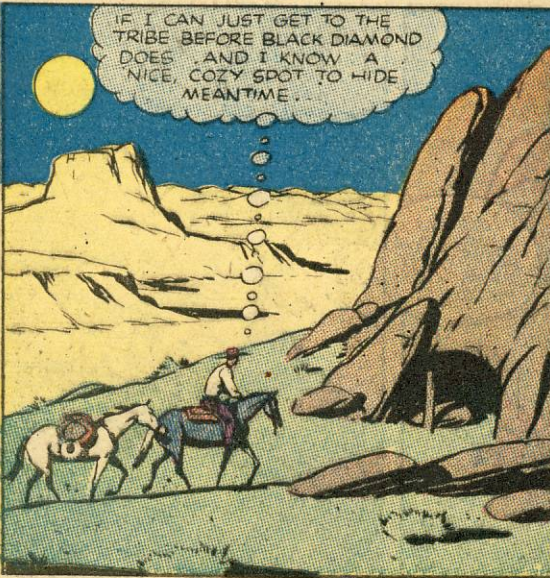


AT THAT  
VERY  
MOMENT...

OKAY, THAT'LL SHOW YOU, BLACK  
EAGLE! YOUR FRIEND DIED WITH  
THE SECRET, BUT I'LL GET IT OUT  
OF YOU! NOW TO GO BACK AND  
FIND OUT WHO HEARD  
THAT SHOT!



I MIGHT  
HAVE KNOWN  
IT WAS BLACK  
DIAMOND! I'LL  
HAVE TO  
ACT  
FAST!



IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE  
TRIBE BEFORE BLACK DIAMOND  
DOES... AND I KNOW A  
NICE, COZY SPOT TO HIDE  
MEANTIME...

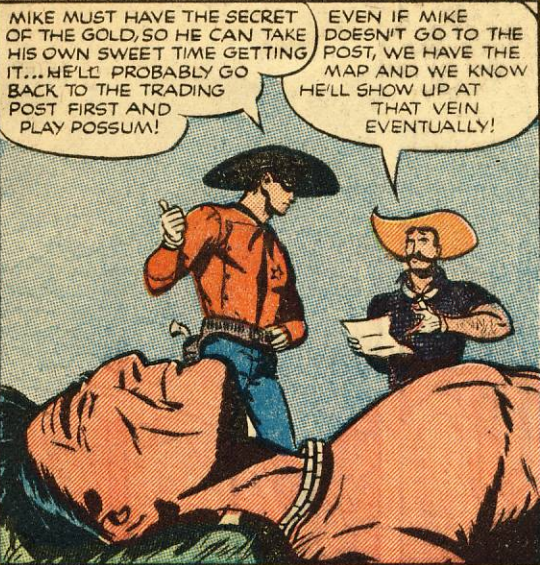


JUST BE COMFORT-  
ABLE! I'LL BE  
BACK FOR YOU  
PRETTY  
SOON!

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
COURSE FOR ME TO  
FOLLOW—MAKE THE  
INDIANS BELIEVE  
DIAMOND KILLED  
RED FEATHER...

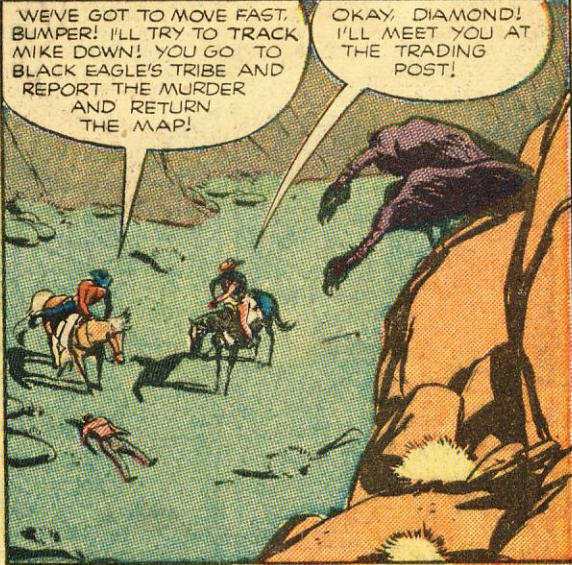


**BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN**



MIKE MUST HAVE THE SECRET OF THE GOLD, SO HE CAN TAKE HIS OWN SWEET TIME GETTING IT... HE'LL PROBABLY GO BACK TO THE TRADING POST FIRST AND PLAY POSSUM!

EVEN IF MIKE DOESN'T GO TO THE POST, WE HAVE THE MAP AND WE KNOW HE'LL SHOW UP AT THAT VEIN EVENTUALLY!



WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, BUMPER! I'LL TRY TO TRACK MIKE DOWN! YOU GO TO BLACK EAGLE'S TRIBE AND REPORT THE MURDER AND RETURN THE MAP!

OKAY, DIAMOND! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE TRADING POST!

**MIKE REACHED THE TRIBE BEFORE BUMPER...**



I WANT TO SEE CHIEF!

CHIEF BLACK EAGLE NOT HERE! SON OF BLACK EAGLE WILL TALK TO YOU!



I AM SON OF BLACK EAGLE! WHAT NEWS DO YOU BRING?

RED FEATHER IS DEAD—MURDERED! KILLED BY THE BLACK DIAMOND!



MURDERED BY BLACK DIAMOND? WHY? BLACK DIAMOND IS OUR FRIEND!

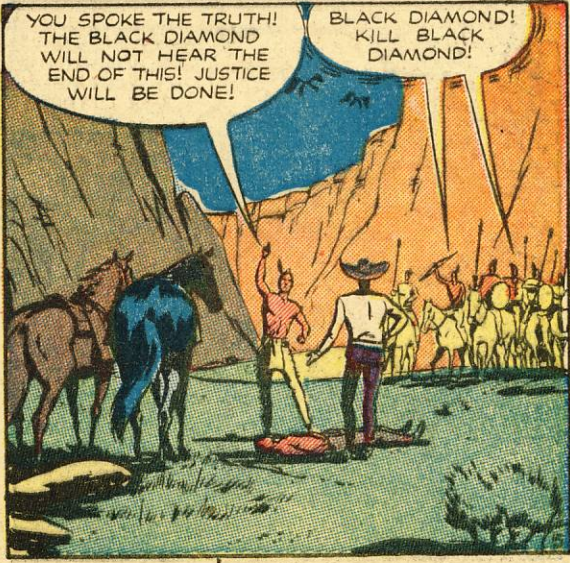
BLACK DIAMOND YOUR FRIEND? BLACK DIAMOND WANTS GOLD! HE KILLED RED FEATHER TO FIND GOLD!



KILL THE BLACK DIAMOND!

WAIT! I CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT HE SAYS!

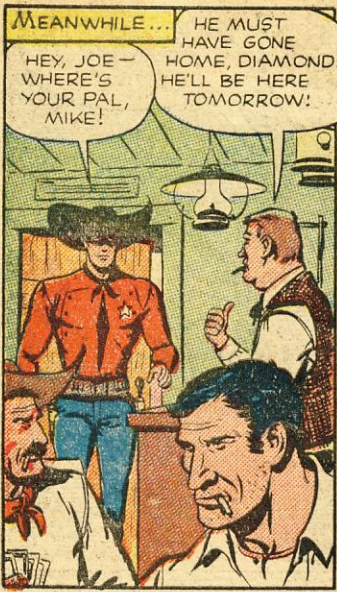
COME—I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE BODY!



YOU SPOKE THE TRUTH! THE BLACK DIAMOND WILL NOT HEAR THE END OF THIS! JUSTICE WILL BE DONE!

BLACK DIAMOND! KILL BLACK DIAMOND!





MEANWHILE...

HE MUST HAVE GONE HOME, DIAMOND! HE'LL BE HERE TOMORROW!

HEY, JOE - WHERE'S YOUR PAL, MIKE!



SUDDENLY...

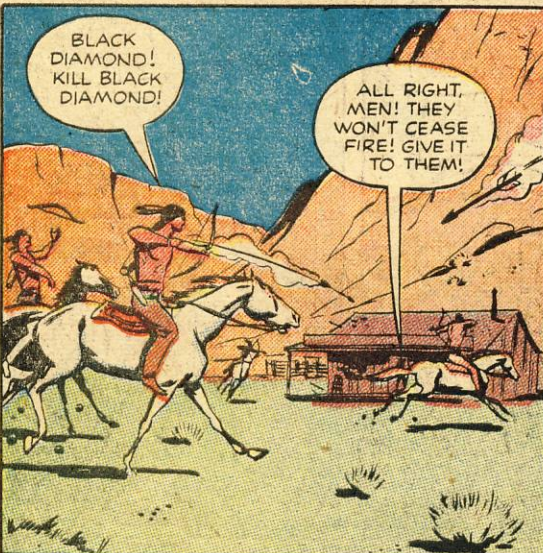
IT'S THE UTES! THEY'RE ON THE WARPATH!

THE UTES ARE FRIENDS OF THE WHITE MEN! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND RED FEATHER'S BODY...



STOP, UTES! WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS!

THERE'S THE BLACK DIAMOND! GET HIM!

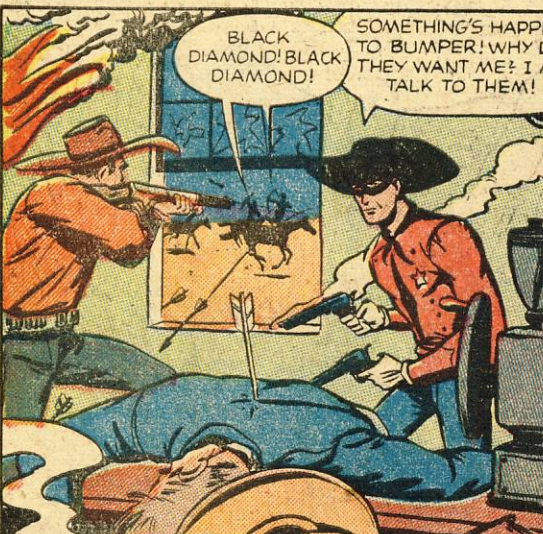


BLACK DIAMOND! KILL BLACK DIAMOND!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! THEY WON'T CEASE FIRE! GIVE IT TO THEM!

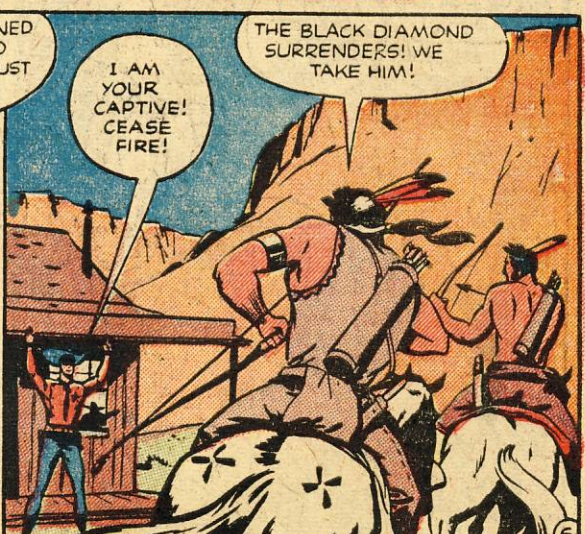


INSIDE THE TRADING POST INDIAN ARROWS FIND THEIR MARK....



BLACK DIAMOND! BLACK DIAMOND!

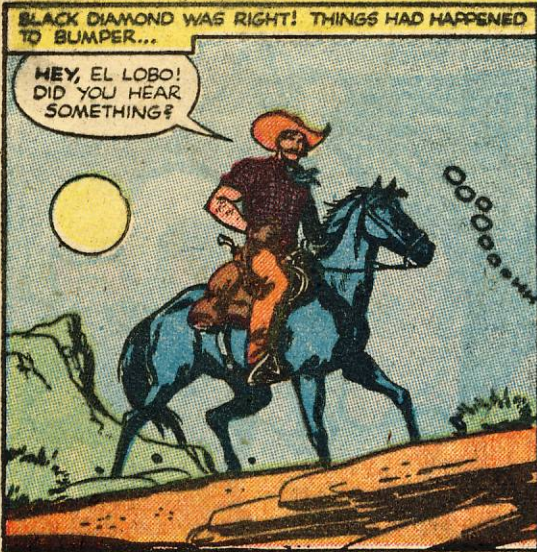
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO BUMPER! WHY DO THEY WANT ME? I MUST TALK TO THEM!



I AM YOUR CAPTIVE! CEASE FIRE!

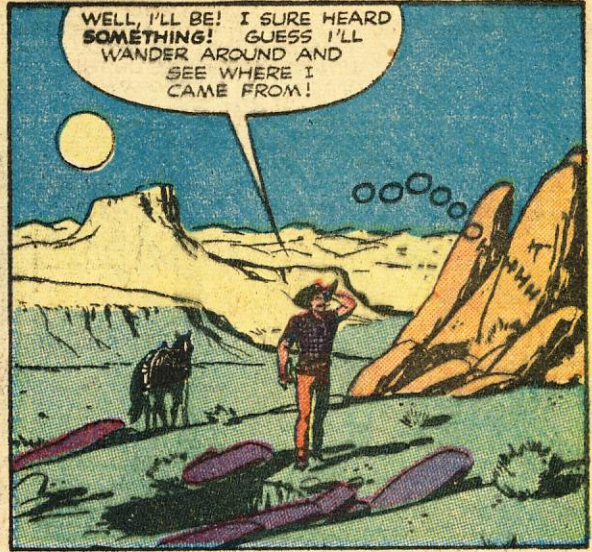
THE BLACK DIAMOND SURRENDERS! WE TAKE HIM!



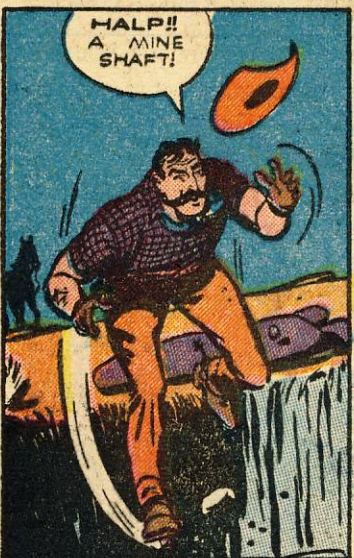


BLACK DIAMOND WAS RIGHT! THINGS HAD HAPPENED TO BUMPER...

HEY, EL LOBO! DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?



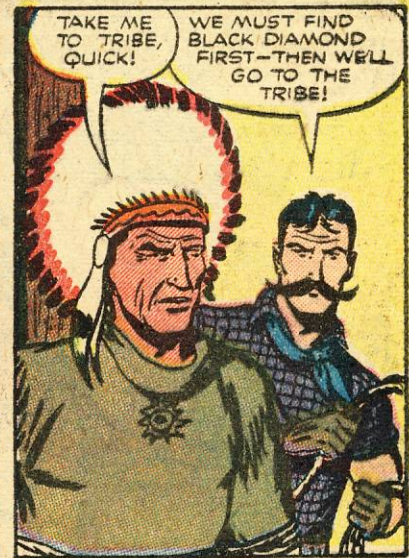
WELL, I'LL BE! I SURE HEARD SOMETHING! GUESS I'LL WANDER AROUND AND SEE WHERE I CAME FROM!



HALP!! A MINE SHAFT!



BLACK EAGLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



TAKE ME TO TRIBE, QUICK! WE MUST FIND BLACK DIAMOND FIRST—THEN WE'LL GO TO THE TRIBE!



THERE HAS BEEN WAR—INDIAN WAR! WE MUST GO TO MY PEOPLE!

HOLD YOUR HORSES, BLACK EAGLE! BLACK DIAMOND WAS IN THAT TRADING POST!



WHAT HAPPENED HERE? WHERE'S THE MARSHAL?

INDIANS CAME ON THE WAR-PATH AND TOOK BLACK DIAMOND CAPTIVE—SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE MARSHAL KILLIN' SOMEBODY!

THEY'LL KILL HIM! COME ON, EL LOBO!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! STOP EN, CHIEF!

WAIT! DO NOT BURN! DIAMOND IS OUR FRIEND!



FATHER! BLACK EAGLE! WE THOUGHT YOU, TOO, WERE DEAD!

STOP! RELEASE BLACK DIAMOND! HE IS YOUR FRIEND!



I WAS WITH RED FEATHER! I KNOW WHO MURDERED HIM... FOR GOLD! BLACK DIAMOND, OUR FRIEND! HE SEND BUMPER TO RETURN MAP!

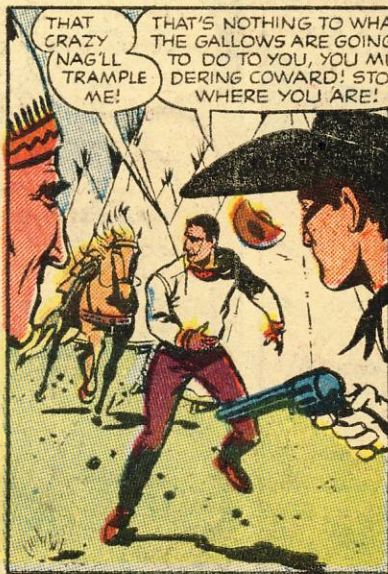
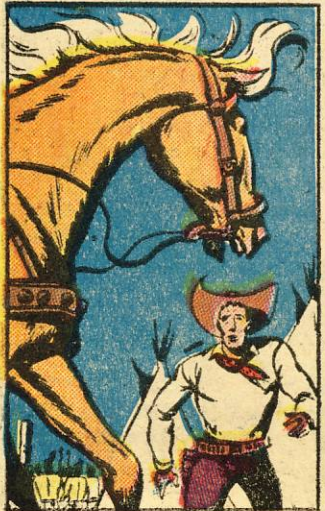


MIKE, LURKING AROUND TO WATCH BLACK DIAMOND DIE, THEN HEARD HIS DEATH SENTENCE...

I'M SORRY, BLACK DIAMOND! I WAS GRIEVED OVER RED FEATHER! BUT TAKE THE MAP-THE GOLD IS YOURS!

NO, YOUNG CHIEF, THAT GOLD IS YOURS! IT'S ON YOUR LAND! I ONLY WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON MIKE O'SHEA!

LITTLE REALIZING RELIAPON'S UNCANNY SENSE, MIKE CHOOSES THE WRONG WAY OUT....



THAT CRAZY NAG'LL TRAMPLE ME!

THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT THE GALLOWS ARE GOING TO DO TO YOU, YOU MURDERING COWARD! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!



WELL, BUMPER, THANKS TO YOU, I DIDN'T FRY!

DON'T THANK ME, DIAMOND! THANK A DESERTED MINING SHAFT!

The END



# PIMPLE MISERY?

**Acne • Blackheads • Enlarged Pores**

## ACNUREL

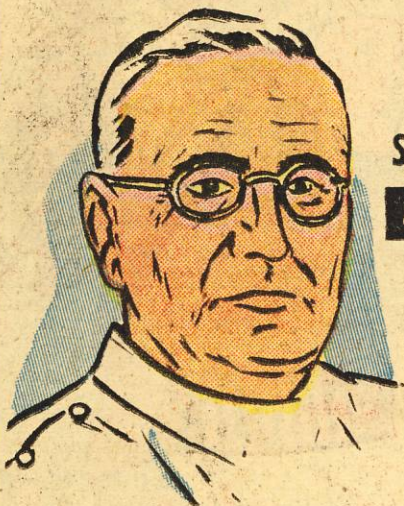
**SUCCESSFULLY USED BY LEADING SKIN DOCTORS (Dermatologists) FOR OVER 10 YEARS**

**A CLAIM NO OTHER LABORATORY CAN MAKE**

**NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME**

**"ACNUREL" USED EVERY DAY WITH AMAZING RESULTS by LEADING SKIN DOCTORS in the treatment of Boys—Girls—Men and Women, to help clear up ugly skin blemishes.**

**"ACNUREL" Conceals While It Heals**



**NOT A MIRACLE CREAM BUT...**

### A COMPLETE MEDICAL TREATMENT

PURELON'S ACNUREL is not merely a skin cream . . . it is a complete medical treatment which is the product of long years of research and clinical tests. . . .

FIRST, ACNUREL Detergent thoroughly penetrates and cleanses the affected area, removing foreign matter lodged in the pores. Dirt is attracted to your skin by oily secretions of over-active sebaceous glands, and ACNUREL Detergent (skin cleanser) counteracts oiliness, and removes the dirt and foreign matter.

### ACNUREL CONCEALS WHILE IT HEALS

SECOND, PURELON'S ACNUREL Cream carries out the medication or healing stage of the treatment. While its active ingredients are attacking the infection, ACNUREL Cream conceals the blemishes under a pleasant, natural looking film, over which make-up can be applied . . . YOU will gain confidence when you can face the world with a clear, attractive-looking skin . . . While ACNUREL Cream is at work with its soothing, healing effects it is also preventing RE-INFECTION of the surface areas, raising scales, helping heal and clear rashes, and helping to prevent PERMANENT PITTING and SCARRING.

### A MEDICALLY TESTED FORMULA

ACNUREL is a tested, proved medication which has been used for over 10 years by LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS to help clear up PIMPLES—BLACKHEADS—ACNE—ENLARGED PORES and other EXTERNALLY caused skin blemishes. . . . NOW, you too can join the thousands who have found ACNUREL treatment successful where ordinary skin creams failed . . . Boys, Girls, Men, and Women to whom ACNUREL gave confidence and a new outlook on life!

**PURELON Laboratories Dept. LG12  
P.O. BOX 612 MT. VERNON, NEW YORK**

Please send me a Regular size of ACNUREL.

- Included \$2, you pay postage plus handling.
- COD I pay postman \$2 plus postage and handling charges. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE U.S.A.
- Fair  Brunette  Sun Tan (PLEASE CHECK)

NAME .....

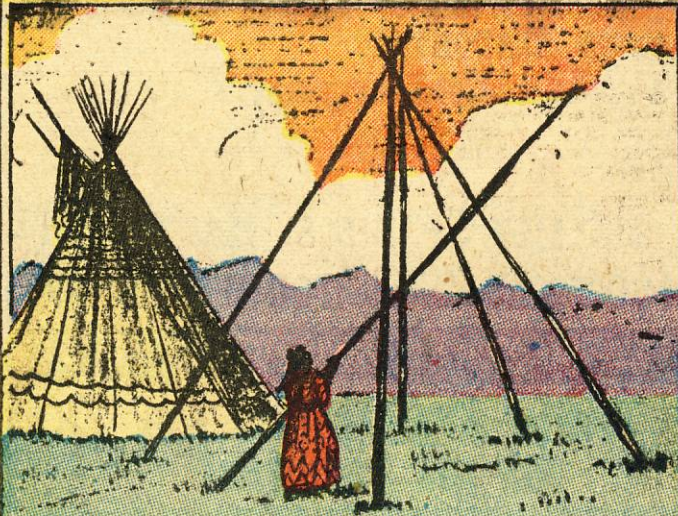
ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

**The "ACNUREL" name, an absolute guarantee, for a Healthier Skin OR YOUR MONEY BACK**



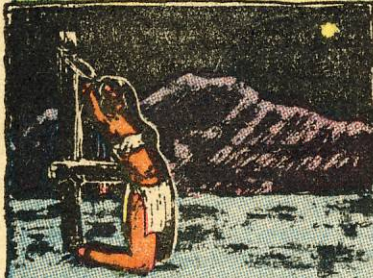
# STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW by CLAUDE MOORE



**THE INDIAN TEPEE** IS THE PROPERTY OF THE SQUAW!  
 IF A BRAVE HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS SQUAW HE COULD NOT ORDER HER OUT OF THE TEPEE FOR IT BELONGS TO HER! SHE BUILDS THE TEPEE HERSELF AND TAKES CARE OF ALL REPAIRS TO IT! IF THE TRIBE MOVES TO A NEW LOCATION IT IS HER JOB TO MOVE THE TEPEE AND ERECT IT AT THE NEW SIGHT!



**POCAHONTAS**  
 — DAUGHTER OF CHIEF POWHATAN WAS HELD AS A HOSTAGE BY THE COLONISTS OF VIRGINIA TO PROTECT THEM AGAINST THE THREATENED SAVAGE ATTACKS OF POWHATAN! WHILE HELD PRISONER SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH JOHN ROLFE, A WHITE COLONIST! SHE BECAME A CHRISTIAN AND MARRIED HIM!



**PAWNEE INDIANS BELIEVED IN HUMAN SACRIFICE!**  
 A MAIDEN CAPTURED BY THE PAWNEES FROM AN ENEMY TRIBE WAS PAINTED HALF BLACK AND HALF RED THEN TIED TO A STAKE AND LEFT TO DIE! THIS WAS DONE AT LEAST ONCE EVERY YEAR AS A GIFT TO THE MORNING STAR!



A PROMINENT KIOWA BRAVE WAS KNOWN AS "**STINKING SADDLE BLANKET**" WHICH WAS A VERY HONORABLE NAME FOR IT MEANT THAT THE BRAVE RODE SO FAST AND HARD WHEN ON THE WARPATH THAT HIS BLANKET BECAME PUNGENT FROM PRESPARATION!



**CHIEF POWHATAN WAS CROWNED "KING OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS"** BY PROCLAMATION OF THE KING OF ENGLAND! HE WAS PRESENTED WITH A CROWN AND ROBE! THE BRITISH WERE TRYING TO WIN HIS HELP AGAINST THE COLONIES!

**THE AIR GUN IS CLAIMED TO BE THE INVENTION OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS!** A SLENDER NEEDLE WAS BLOWN THRU A WOODEN TUBE! IT WAS USED FOR HUNTING BIRDS!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

# BLACK DIAMOND

in "THE SIOUX SLAUGHTER"

OUT OF THE DUSTY PLAINS CAME A BAND OF MYSTERIOUS OUTLAWS WHO CARED LITTLE FOR GOLD AND LESS FOR THEIR SAFETY! THEIR PLEASURE WAS SLAUGHTER, THEIR METHOD, MASSACRE! THIS WAS THE ARMY OF OUTLAWS WHICH THREATENED TO WIPE OUT THE FRONTIER! THIS WAS THE MAD BAND THAT FOUND ONLY ONE MAN BLOCKING THEIR BLOODY ROAD TO TRIUMPH—THE BLACK DIAMOND, WHO COULD SURVIVE ONLY BY STRIPPING FROM THESE OUTLAWS THE MYSTERY WHICH CLOAKED THEIR EVIL!

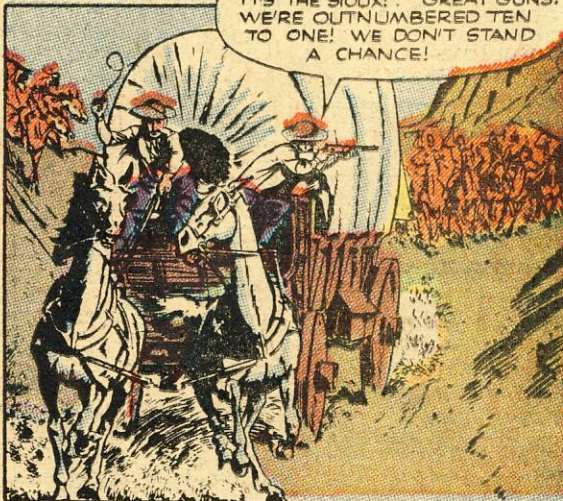


Dick Rockwell

IT WAS THE YEAR 1879, THE INDIAN WAS STEADILY BEING PUSHED BACK OUT OF THEIR ONCE VAST TERRITORIES! MANY OF THEM REALIZED THAT THE END OF THEIR RULE WAS NEAR, BUT SOME OF THEM, LIKE CHIEF BLACK HOG OF THE SIOUX TRIBE WERE DETERMINED TO MAKE A DEATH STAND!

MOMENTS LATER...

IT'S THE SIOUX! GREAT GUNS! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!



LOOK! WAGON TRAIN! ATTACK! MASSACRE THEM ALL! THE LESS SETTLERS, THE FEWER ENEMIES WE SHALL HAVE TO SLAY IN THE GREAT BATTLES TO COME! KILL! KILL! KILL!



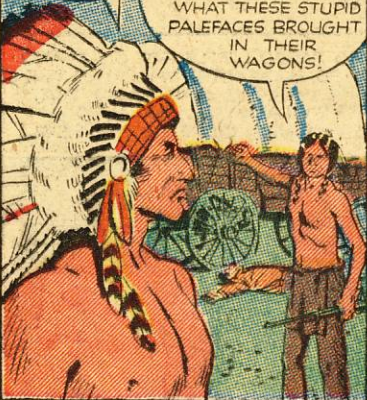


**BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN**

A HALF HOUR LATER, THE GUNSHOTS CEASED! EVERY SETTLER IN THE WAGON TRAIN HAD BEEN SLAIN! BUT BLACK HOG WANTED EVEN MORE...

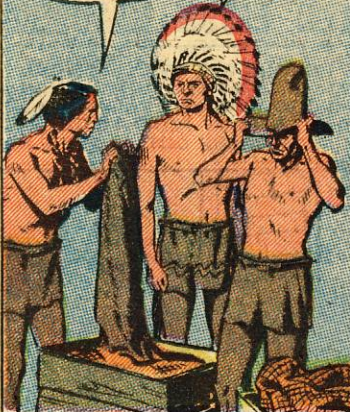
WHAT IS IN THESE WAGONS—GUNS, POWDER, DYNAMITE?

NO, MIGHTY CHIEF! ALL WE SHALL GET FROM THESE DEAD MEN ARE THEIR SCALPS! LOOK WHAT THESE STUPID PALEFACES BROUGHT IN THEIR WAGONS!



CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS—EVERYTHING! WAGONS FULL OF CLOTHING IN EVERY SIZE! THESE FOOLS MUST HAVE BEEN CLOTHING MERCHANTS!

LITTLE TOAD, HOLD THAT SUIT AGAINST YOUR CHEST ONCE MORE AND PUT ON THE BIG HAT!



SURELY OUR MIGHTY CHIEF WISHES TO MAKE FUN OF LITTLE TOAD!

FUN! THAT IS THE RIGHT WORD, LITTLE TOAD! THE REDMAN HAS NOT ENJOYED SUCH FUN SINCE THE DAY THE FIRST PALE-FACE SET FOOT ON OUR HUNTING GROUNDS! LOOK UPON LITTLE TOAD, MY BRAVES! IN HIM WE SEE THE WAY TO VICTORY!



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE DAKOTA TERRITORY, U.S. MARSHAL BLACK DIAMOND, AND HIS IRON MAN SIDEKICK, BUMPER, ENJOY SOME FRONTIER HOSPITALITY...

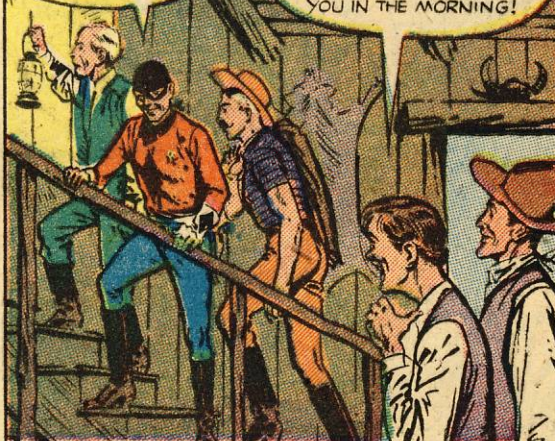
WE REALLY DIDN'T INTEND TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, MR. SUMMERS, BUT LISTENING TO YOUR OLD-TIME STORIES THE HOURS JUST FLEW!

TUSH, BLACK DIAMOND! THERE ISN'T A RANCHER IN THE WEST WHO WOULDN'T BE HONORED TO HAVE YOU FOR HIS GUEST! LET'S TURN IN!



HOW ABOUT YOU BOYS? AREN'T YOU TURNING IN TONIGHT?

WE SURE ARE! BUT WE SLEEP OUT IN THE BUNKHOUSE! GOOD NIGHT, BLACK DIAMOND! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

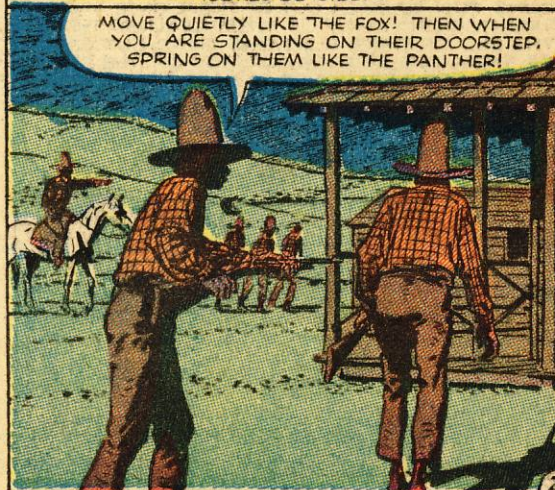


THEY'RE A NICE BUNCH OF GUYS... THIS IS A WELL RUN RANCH, AND POP SUMMERS IS A GOOD EGG! SEEMS LIKE THERE'S NOTHING HE WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU, DIAMOND!

I SAVED HIS LIFE ONCE IN FARGO! A GAMBLER WAS ABOUT TO PUT A BULLET IN HIS BACK! BUT MANY'S THE TIME POP SUMMERS MADE UP FOR THAT NIGHT... WHENEVER I NEEDED HELP...



AN HOUR LATER, EVERYONE WAS ASLEEP AT POP SUMMERS' RANCH! THE BUNKHOUSE AND MAIN HOUSE WERE QUIET... BUT EVEN QUIETER WERE SHADY FIGURES OUTSIDE...

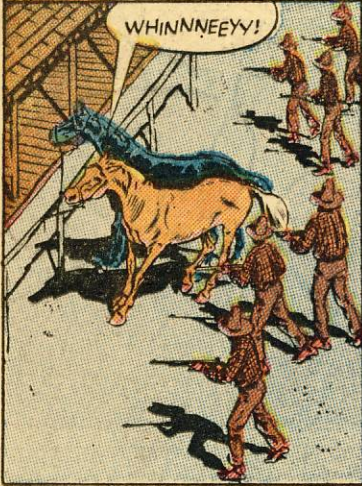


MOVE QUIETLY LIKE THE FOX! THEN WHEN YOU ARE STANDING ON THEIR DOORSTEP, SPRING ON THEM LIKE THE PANTHER!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BUT AS THE MYSTERIOUS INVADERS OVERRUN THE RANCH, RELIAPON, BLACK DIAMOND'S RENOWNED CHARGER, SENTS TROUBLE AND VOICES A WARNING...



WHINNNEEY!

I THOUGHT I HEARD RELIAPON CALLING TO ME IN MY SLEEP! BUT IT'S NOT A DREAM! NOW EL LOBO'S JOINING IN! WAKE UP, BUMPER! THE HORSES ARE SIGNALLING THAT THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING!



WHINNNEEY!

BUMPER! LOOK! THE RANCH IS OVERRUN WITH COWPOKES!



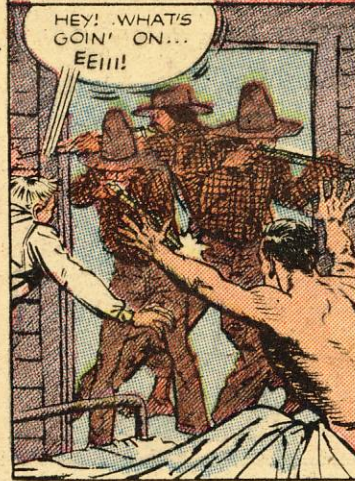
WE ARE SEEN! QUICK! BEGIN THE ATTACK!

THEY DON'T ACT LIKE COWPOKES! THOSE HOMBRES ARE UP TO NO GOOD!

BUT WHAT ARE THEY AFTER, SNEAKING UP HERE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT? WHO ARE THEY?



THE DISGUISED SIOUX STORM THE BUNKHOUSE...

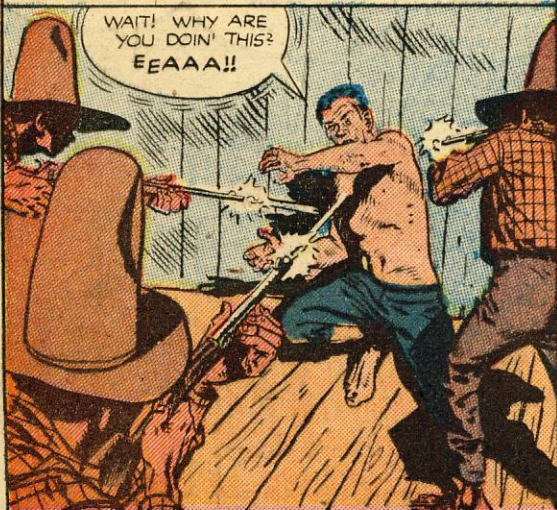


HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON... EEEE!

SOMEBODY'S GONE PLUMB CRAZY! I'M CLEARIN' OUT... ARRGGGHH!

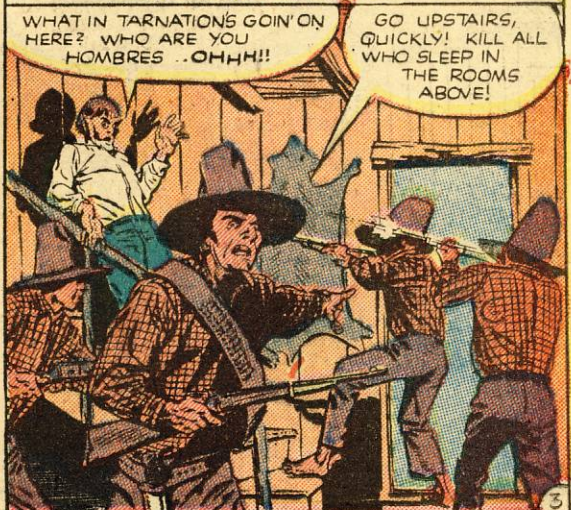


THE SURPRISE ATTACK IS SUCCESSFUL! NO MERCY IS SHOWN! NO MAN IS SPARED...



WAIT! WHY ARE YOU DOIN' THIS? EAAAA!!

...NOR IS THE RANCH HOUSE OVERLOOKED! AS POP SUMMERS COMES DOWN THE STAIRS..



WHAT IN TARNATION'S GOIN ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU HOMBRES ..OH!!

GO UPSTAIRS, QUICKLY! KILL ALL WHO SLEEP IN THE ROOMS ABOVE!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BUT THE SLEEPERS HAVE AWAKENED...

BLACK DIAMOND! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! KEEP PULLIN' THE TRIGGER ON THESE HOMBRES OR WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE ANSWER!

ARGHHH!

AS THE DEADLY FIRE KEEPS UP AND MANY OF THE ATTACKERS ARE SHOT DOWN...

THERE ARE SOME ABOVE WHO SHOOT WITH THE SKILL OF THE EVIL EYE! WHOEVER SEEKS TO GAIN THE SECOND FLOOR PERISHES!

THEN GIVE THE WORD TO RETREAT! BUT FIRST MAKE SURE THAT NOBODY REMAINS BEHIND! ALL THE DEAD MUST GO WITH US!

HEY! THEY'RE VAMOOSING! WE TURNED 'EM BACK!

PUT THE DEAD ACROSS THE SADDLES! IF ONE CORPSE REMAINS BEHIND, YOU SHALL ANSWER TO ME!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

THEY'RE GONE NOW! BUT WHAT BEATS ME IS WHY THEY SHOULD RISK THEIR LIVES TRYING TO SAVE THE BODIES OF THEIR DEAD PALS!

THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHAT WAS THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF THIS RAID? OUTLAWS ARE ONLY OUT FOR MONEY! SHEER BUTCHERY DOESN'T INTEREST THEM!

GOSH—THOSE POOR HOMBRES! SHOT DOWN IN COLD-BLOOD! THE SKUNKS NEVER GAVE 'EM A CHANCE!

... AND POOR POP... GONE WEST WITHOUT HIS BOOTS ON!

THERE'LL BE A LOT MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE DEAD IF WE DON'T GET THAT MOB OF MURDERERS! C'MON, BUMPER, LET'S GO!

WE'LL SEND BACK HELP FROM THE FIRST TOWN WE REACH!

THANKS, BUT YOU CAN PLEASE US MORE BY STRINGIN' UP THEM BUTCHERS!

DON'T WORRY, PARDNER! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

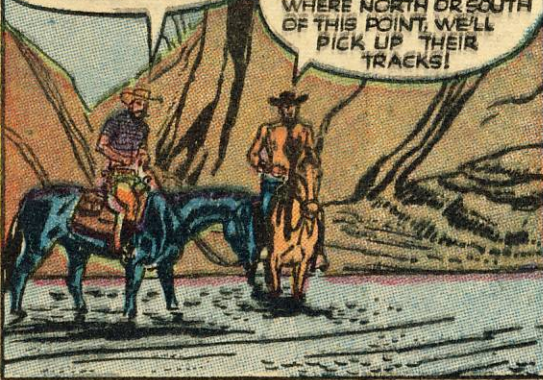


**BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN**

HOURS LATER... AS THE ALMOST INVISIBLE TRAIL LEADS TO A CREEK...

THOSE CRITTERS SURE KNOW HOW TO ERASE A TRAIL! WERE UP AGAINST A SMART PACK OF COYOTES, DIAMOND!

SMART AS THEY ARE, WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM EVENTUALLY! THEY USED THIS CREEK TO CONFUSE US, BUT SOMEWHERE NORTH OR SOUTH OF THIS POINT, WE'LL PICK UP THEIR TRACKS!



WE'LL FLIP! HEADS WE GO SOUTH! TAILS WE GO NORTH!

HEADS! SOUTH IT IS, AND SPEAKING OF HEADS, LET'S HOPE WE HOLD ON TO OURS!

IT'S HEADS!



THAT NIGHT IN THE TOWN OF COULTER SPRINGS, FEW OF THE INHABITANTS NOTICE AN UNUSUAL INFILX OF STRANGERS...

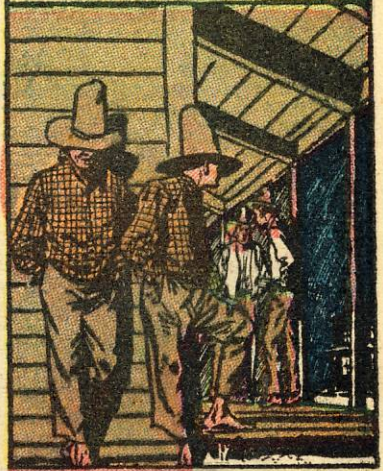


SILENT STRANGERS WHO STAY IN THE SHADOWS AND WEAR THEIR SOMBREROS PULLED DOWN...

HEY! DID YA HEAR ABOUT THE MASSACRE UP AT POP SUMMERS' RANCH? SOME BAND OF OUTLAWS TRIED TO WIPE 'EM OUT TO THE LAST MAN, WHEN BLACK DIAMOND CHASED 'EM OFF!



AND WHILE THE TOWNSPEOPLE GOSSIP, THE SILENT STRANGERS TAKE UP THEIR POSITIONS ON PORCH CORNERS...



IN ALLEYWAYS, IN DESERTED DOORWAYS, IN THE SHADOW OF EMPTY HOUSES AND STORES, THESE STRANGERS NEITHER SMOKE, SPEAK, NOR MINGLE! THEY ARE WAITING FOR SOMETHING...



SUDDENLY, A WAR WHOOP SPLITS THE HUSHED QUIET OF TOWN! A HORDE OF PAINTED SAVAGES DESCENDS UPON COULTER SPRINGS...

IT'S SIOUX INJUNS! THEY'RE RAIDIN' THE TOWN!

YIIII! YIIII! YIEEE! KILL! KILL!

KILL!





**BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN**

INTO THE HORRIFIED STREETS OF COULTER SPRINGS THEY SWEEP, FIRING AND KILLING AS THEY RIDE—BUT THEIR AIM SEEMS UNUSUALLY DEADLY!



FIRE! KILL! THEN RIDE ON TO THE ARSENAL!

OHHH!  
YAAA!

SUDDENLY THE SILENT STRANGERS COME TO LIFE WITH GUNS BLAZING AWAY!



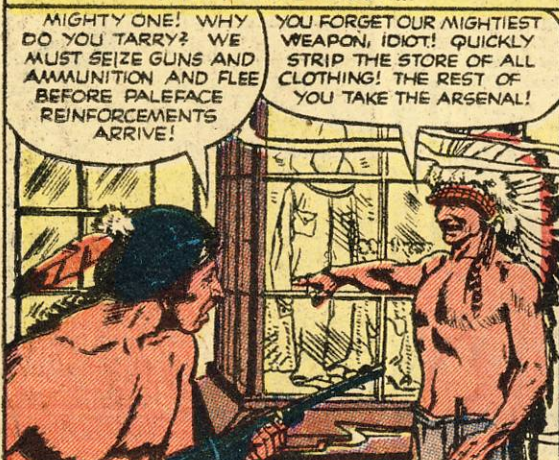
HEY! HAVE YOU GONE NUTS? YOU'RE FIRIN' AT THE WRONG PEOPLE... IIIIEE!

THEY'RE DELIBERATELY AMIN' AT US!



WHO ARE THESE GUYS? UGHH!

THEY SWEEP ON TO THE ARMOY IN THE EXTREME END OF TOWN UNTIL ONE OF THE SILENT STRANGERS SPIES A STORE WINDOW...



MIGHTY ONE! WHY DO YOU TARRY? WE MUST SEIZE GUNS AND AMMUNITION AND FLEE BEFORE PALEFACE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!

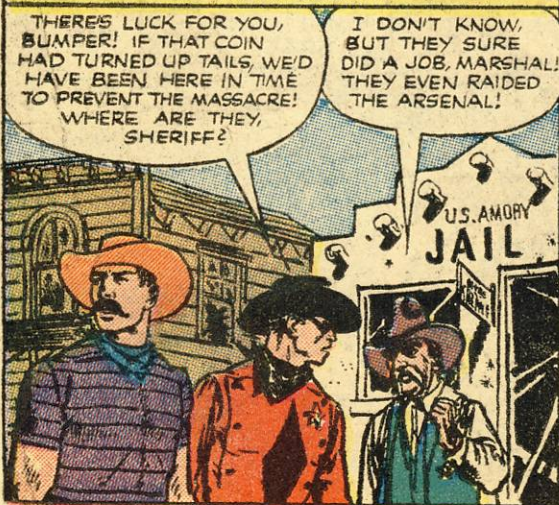
YOU FORGET OUR MIGHTIEST WEAPON, IDIOT! QUICKLY STRIP THE STORE OF ALL CLOTHING! THE REST OF YOU TAKE THE ARSENAL!

AH! A GOLDEN SUIT! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW COSTUME, EH?



GOLDEN AS OUR FUTURE, MIGHTY ONE! WE HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH SUCCESS TILL YOU DISCOVERED THE MAGIC OF CLOTHING!

THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER REACH INTO COULTER SPRINGS AFTER FIRST HEADED SOUTH...



THERE'S LUCK FOR YOU, BUMPER! IF THAT COIN HAD TURNED UP TAILS, WE'D HAVE BEEN HERE IN TIME TO PREVENT THE MASSACRE! WHERE ARE THEY, SHERIFF?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY SURE DID A JOB, MARSHAL! THEY EVEN RAIDED THE ARSENAL!

THEY ALSO RANSACKED JONES' CLOTHIN' STORE AN' TOOK EVERY STITCH OF MEN'S CLOTHIN' WITH 'EM!



THAT'S ODD— THAT THEY SHOULD STEAL CLOTHING IN THE MIDST OF A BATTLE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

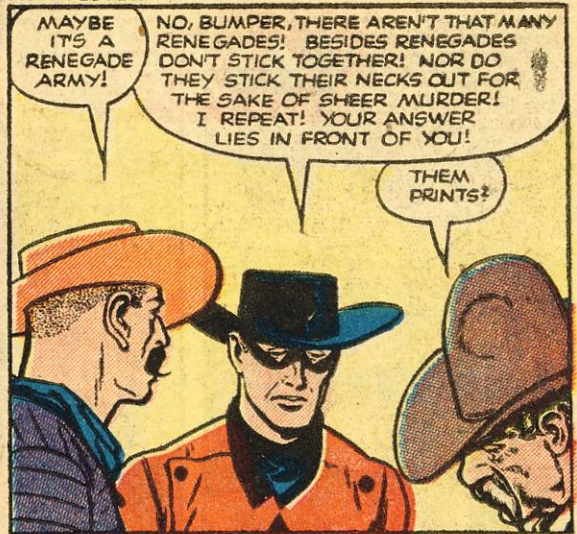




BUMPER, LOOK AT THESE BOOTS AND FOOTPRINTS!

I AM LOOKING! WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT 'EM?

HMM...I JUST CAN'T GET IT OUTA MY MIND! WHY SHOULD OUTLAWS WORK IN CAHOOTS WITH THE INJUNS?



MAYBE IT'S A RENEGADE ARMY!

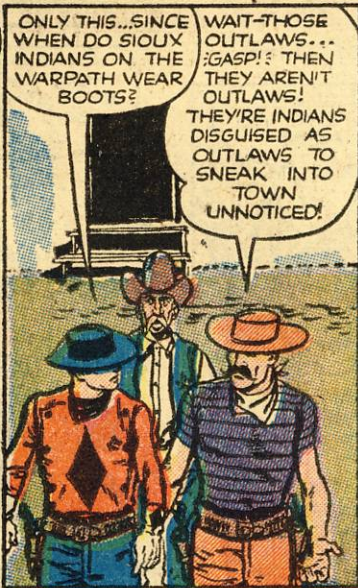
NO, BUMPER, THERE AREN'T THAT MANY RENEGADES! BESIDES RENEGADES DON'T STICK TOGETHER! NOR DO THEY STICK THEIR NECKS OUT FOR THE SAKE OF SHEER MURDER! I REPEAT! YOUR ANSWER LIES IN FRONT OF YOU!

THEM PRINTS?



THE BARE FOOT-PRINTS, THE MOCCASIN PRINTS AND THE BOOTPRINTS HAVE ALL ONE THING IN COMMON! THE TOES TURN INWARD!

THAT'S BECAUSE INJUNS WALK PIGEON-TOED! WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT, DIAMOND?



ONLY THIS...SINCE WHEN DO SIOUX INDIANS ON THE WARPATH WEAR BOOTS?

WAIT-THOSE OUTLAWS... :GASP!: THEN THEY AREN'T OUTLAWS! THEY'RE INDIANS DISGUISED AS OUTLAWS TO SNEAK INTO TOWN UNNOTICED!



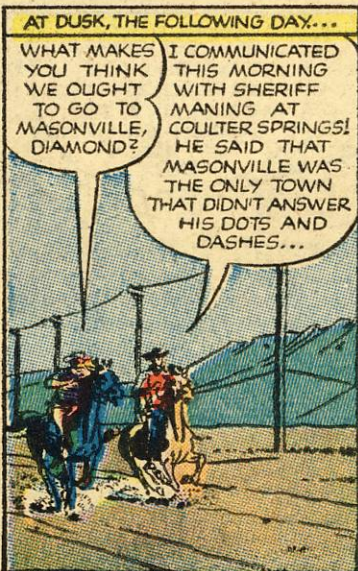
CORRECT! THESE SO-CALLED "OUTLAWS" ARE ACTUALLY SIOUX INDIANS DRESSED AS WHITE MEN... WITH HATS PULLED DOWN TO HIDE THE COLOR OF THEIR FACES!

THAT EXPLAINS WHY THEY CONSIDER CLOTHING AS VALUABLE AS ARMS!



I REMEMBER SOMETHIN' NOW! A BAND OF SIOUX INJUNS UNDER CHIEF BLACK HOG AMPUSHED A SMALL WAGON TRAIN TWO WEEKS AGO AN' MADE OFF WITH A SHIPMENT OF CLOTHIN'!

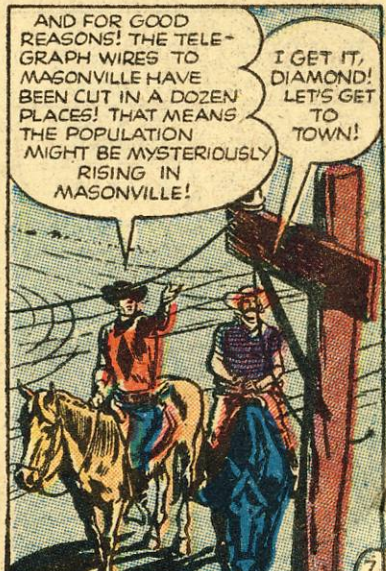
SHERIFF, I KNOW! START BURNING UP THE TELEGRAPH WIRES AND PUT EVERY SETTLEMENT IN THE TERRITORY ON THEIR GUARD! BLACK HOGS PLAYING WOLF IN SHEEPS CLOTHING!



AT DUSK, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO GO TO MASONVILLE, DIAMOND?

I COMMUNICATED THIS MORNING WITH SHERIFF MANING AT COULTER SPRINGS! HE SAID THAT MASONVILLE WAS THE ONLY TOWN THAT DIDN'T ANSWER HIS DOTS AND DASHES...



AND FOR GOOD REASONS! THE TELEGRAPH WIRES TO MASONVILLE HAVE BEEN CUT IN A DOZEN PLACES! THAT MEANS THE POPULATION MIGHT BE MYSTERIOUSLY RISING IN MASONVILLE!

I GET IT, DIAMOND! LET'S GET TO TOWN!



**BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN**

**MINUTES LATER, ON THE MAIN STREET OF MASONVILLE...**

**DIAMOND, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE ON THAT PORCH?**

**YES-IT'S PROBABLY SOME OF THOSE DISGUISED RED-SKINS! I WANT A LOOK AT THE FACES UNDERNEATH THOSE SOMBREROS!**

**WELL! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? IT'S BLACK HOG - ALL DRESSED UP IN A COWPOKE SUIT!**

**WE ARE DISCOVERED!**

**IT IS THAT SAME MEDDLER WE MET AT THE RANCH! KILL HIM!**

**LET 'EM HAVE IT, BUMPER!**

**YOU BET! I'M THINKING OF A HUNDRED MEN WHO WERE SHOT IN THE BACK!**

**IN AN INSTANT, THE TOWN ECHOES TO THE FIRE OF SIX SHOOTERS...**

**MEDDLER! MY BLADE SHALL TASTE YOUR BLOOD FOR THIS!**

**LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, DIAMOND! IT'S BLACK HOG!**

**OKAY, BLACK HOG! YOUR BACK STABBING DAYS ARE OVER!**

**IKKKK!**

**AND HOURS LATER, WHEN THE SIOUX INDIANS SWEEP INTO TOWN AND SCREAM FOR THEIR COSTUMED ALLIES TO HELP OUT...**

**POUR IT IN, MEN! SHOW 'EM A MASSACRE CAN WORK BOTH WAYS!**

**IT'S A TRAP! WHERE'S BLACK HOG? EEEAAA!!**

**THEY'RE GONE FOR GOOD NOW! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, BLACK DIAMOND, WE'D BE SIX FEET UNDER INSTEAD OF BLACK HOG!**

**THOSE STOLEN SUITS THEY USED AS DISGUISES WILL BE A GRIM REMINDER TO THE INDIANS NOT TO TRY TREACHERY AGAIN! FOR HERE LIES THE PRICE OF DECEIT - BLACK HOG'S DISGUISE TURNED OUT TO BE NOTHING BUT A SHROUD!**

**THE END**



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**YOU BUILD** this Transmitter (right). As part of your Communications Course. USES D. C. VOLTAGE to build this low-power, broadcast-type transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

**YOU BUILD** the Wave-meter (below) in your Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter circuits. You conduct many interesting experiments.

**This is just part of the equipment and materials built. You keep all parts I send.**

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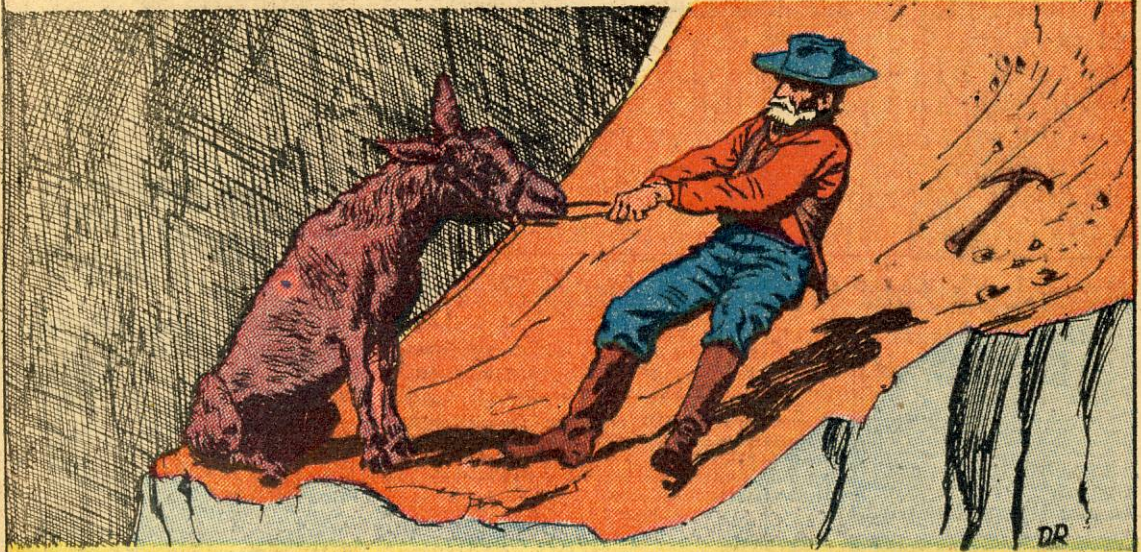
Approved Under G. I. Bill

**The ABC's of SERVING**

**How to Be a Success in RADIO-TELEVISION**



# From Shoo - Fly To Stand - by



All the prospectors in the Shoo-Fly Saloon laughed at Stubby Burroughs. They laughed more at Stubby's burro, "Stand-by", than at Stubby himself. But Stand-by and Stubby were inseparable and no amount of derision could tear them apart.

Stubby's point of view was completely the reverse. Stubby had had Stand-by ever since he came west. He named her Stand-by when he first got her and, according to Stubby, she lived up to her name. Stand-by had been with him all the way across the Continental Divide. There was the time when Stubby had been caught in a snow drift and nearly frozen to death. Stand-by went for help. There was the time Stubby lost almost all his money in a poker game and Stand-by led him to a gambling house where he won his shirt back again. There was a time when Stand-by walked right into a saloon, grabbed Stubby's shirt with her teeth and dragged him home the night of a wholesale shooting. At least that's what Stubby repeatedly told the crowd at the Shoo-Fly.

But Stand-by was getting old. Stubby realized this but felt he owed a lot to her and wouldn't let her down. The boys in the Shoo-Fly fully expected Stand-by to come in some evening and expect a drink. All agreed that if she did that Stubby would not refuse her.

Every evening at the Shoo-Fly passed like any other evening. However, this evening turned out to be a memorable one in the history of the Shoo-Fly Saloon. The usual crowd was gathered, the usual games were going and, as usual, Stubby swung through the swinging doors.

"Evenin' everyone," greeted Stubby, but there seemed a lack of enthusiasm in his voice.

"Howdy, Stubby," chorused his friends. Then one whispered aside to another, "Hey, look at

Stubby. He looks worried."

"What's the matter, Stubby?" asked one of the prospectors.

Stubby leaned heavily on the bar rail, grabbed a shot glass in his hand and downed it before he answered. "It's Stand-by," he moaned. "I think she's sick."

"Ah, Stubby," sympathized another prospector. "Stand-by'll be all right. Don't worry about her. After all she's getting pretty old."

"That's just it," answered Stubby, "if she goes, I don't know what I'll ever do without her."

"Aw, now listen, Stubby," said Gus the bartender, as he handed Stubby another shot, "she ain't dead yet. And she won't be for a long time."

The gloom that hung over Stubby seemed to permeate the whole saloon. Stubby's friends did their best to cheer him up but instead his gloomy mood hung over them all and the tone of the Shoo-Fly was very different that evening. Stubby seemed to realize the effect his mood was having on all his friends so he bid good night early in the evening.

Stubby staggered out the swinging doors, looked at the hitching post where he'd left Stand-by. He looked again. And then he looked again. Stand-by was not there. He was sure he'd left her there. Stand-by never disappeared like that so — where was she? Stubby stood looking at the deserted hitching post in wonderment. He couldn't believe that Stand-by would leave without him. Then Stubby turned around unsteadily and swung through the doors of the Shoo-Fly again.

Standing at the entrance all Stubby could do in front of the amazed crowd was mutter, "She's gone. Stand-by's gone!"



The crowd in the saloon was silent for a moment. This was unheard of. Stand-by never left without Stubby. Stubby might leave without Stand-by, but this had never happened before.

Finally Al, a grizzled prospector spoke up, "She probably just went home, Stubby. You said she wasn't feeling well."

"Yes," mused Stubby, rubbing his stubbled chin, "maybe you're right. I'll go see."

Again Stubby swung unsteadily out the swinging doors and again the Shoo-Fly settled down to its usual evening routine — Stubby and his burro forgotten.

Stubby, meanwhile, shuffled on home. Home was little more than a glorified lean-to but it was adequate for his simple needs. As he approached the unkempt tent he saw no sign of Stand-by. Looking all around the area he still could find no trace of her. Finally he entered his make-shift shack and sat down on his rickety bed, head between his hands, wondering what to do next. How long he sat there he did not know. Through his mind raced all the activities of the day and he tried to think of some place he'd been that Stand-by might have returned to. The day had been spent in the usual hapless searching, picking here and there with nothing to show for it. There had been nothing unusual in the day's events.

Stubby's thoughts moved from that morning till the evening. He'd climbed up Gopher Pass and found nothing. Wait! Suddenly he remembered that Stand-by hadn't wanted to come down. She'd acted just like a stubborn Rocky Mountain Canary up there which she didn't often do. And ever since they'd come back she'd been acting strangely. He'd thought she was sick — maybe she wasn't at all. What had bothered Stand-by at the top of Gopher Pass?

Stubby continued to piece the day's events together. Finally he gathered himself together, jumped to his feet, grabbed a lantern, automatically grabbed his pick and ran out into the night. Fortunately the moon was full which made Stubby's going easier. He did not go toward town or the Shoo-Fly, but headed straight in the direction of Gopher Pass. Stubby's short legs didn't carry him as fast as he wished. He was spoiled by Stand-by because she usually carried him over the rugged terrain. However, Gopher Pass wasn't too much of a trip and finally he reached the foot of the pass. He paused before the ascent to catch his breath and suddenly thought he heard a sound coming from the heights. Then there was silence and again he heard the sound. It sounded like Stand-by's voice. Not wanting to get his hopes up he tried not to believe it but, nevertheless, started up the pass.

On and on he climbed and finally reached the top. Stand-by was nowhere in sight. He stopped again, then again he heard the sound. It was Stand-by, he was sure, but the sound

came from over the edge where they had been prospecting early in the day. A moment of terror filled him as he thought of Stand-by over the edge, but he was reassured by the thought of how much more sure-footed a Rocky Mountain Canary is than any human. Stubby raced to the edge of the pass, looked down and there, in the bright moonlight, sitting on a ledge of the rock wall, was Stand-by. Stubby yelled a thankful greeting to her and Stand-by brayed back at him.

Then Stubby yelled at her to hurry on up the hill so they could go back home. Stand-by wouldn't budge and brayed a negative reply. Stubby pleaded and pleaded in every way he knew, but Stand-by would not move. She sat stubbornly on the ledge, resplendent in the moonlight and looked pleadingly up at Stubby. Finally there was nothing left for Stubby to do but crawl down the steep slope and lead the burro up.

Thankful that he had brought his pick, which aided him in his descent, Stubby puffed and groaned as he eased his way down to the ledge. As he approached Stand-by, she looked at him smugly as if to say, "Just try and make me move."

Stubby rarely lost patience with Stand-by but after pushing her, shoving her and trying to drag her off the ledge, he finally sat down in exhaustion and exasperation. "Stand-by, really," he threatened the burro, "if you don't get up, I'll leave you right here on the ledge all night. One more chance and that's all!" With that bold statement, Stubby rose, grabbed Stand-by's bridle and pulled with all his might. Stand-by refused to budge.

Making good his threat, Stubby let the burro alone and started up the steep slope. The slope seemed steeper going up than it had coming down and he again found it necessary to dig his pick in deeply and use it to pull himself up. He drove his pick in anger against the wall of the ridge and wedged it in deeply so he could pull himself up. As he leaned over to grab his lantern he noticed on the ground the tailings from his picking on the rocky slope. He suddenly grabbed the lantern and looked more carefully. It was gold!

As Stubby made the discovery, Stand-by looked on, licked Stubby's hand and brayed in complete self satisfaction.

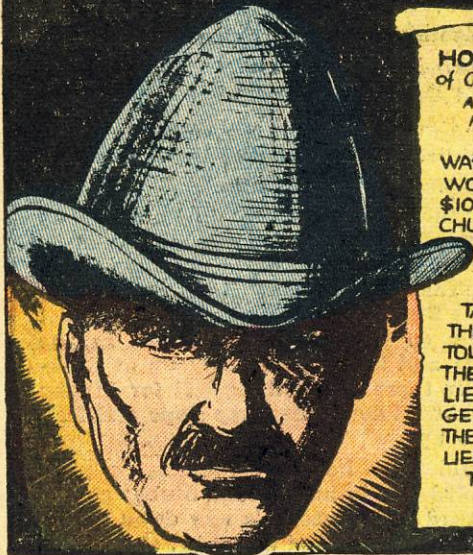
Stubby carried the news to the Shoo-Fly and before the night was over the whole town knew about Stand-by's discovery. While Stubby spread the news, Stand-by stayed on the ledge to guard the claim.

Never again did the regular customers of the Shoo-Fly make derisive remarks about Stand-by. In fact, even though the eternal monument of the Stand-by Mine remains in the burro's honor, the Shoo-Fly overnight changed it's name to the Stand-by Saloon.

THE END



# SURE AS SHOOTIN'



**HORACE TABOR-**  
of California Gulch  
A wealthy gold  
mine owner.

WAS ASKED IF HE  
WOULD CONTRIBUTE  
\$100 TO THE NEW  
CHURCH, SO THEY  
COULD PURCHASE  
A CHANDELIER!

TABOR GAVE  
THEM \$500 AND  
TOLD THEM TO BUY  
THE BEST CHANDE-  
LIER THEY COULD  
GET AND TO HIRE  
THE BEST CHANDE-  
LIER PLAYER IN  
THE STATE TO  
PLAY IT!



AN ARMY  
SCOUT-

CALIFORNIA  
JOE-

WAS SO FEARED  
BY THE INDIANS  
THAT A WHOLE  
BAND OF  
WARRIORS  
ABOUT TO ATTACK  
A WHITE CAMP  
TURNED AND FLED  
WHEN THEY SAW  
"CALIFORNIA JOE"  
IN THE  
PARTY!

JOE TORTURED  
CAPTURED  
INDIANS THE  
SAME WAY THE  
INDIANS  
TORTURED THE  
WHITE!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGE-  
MENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE  
ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS  
AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933,  
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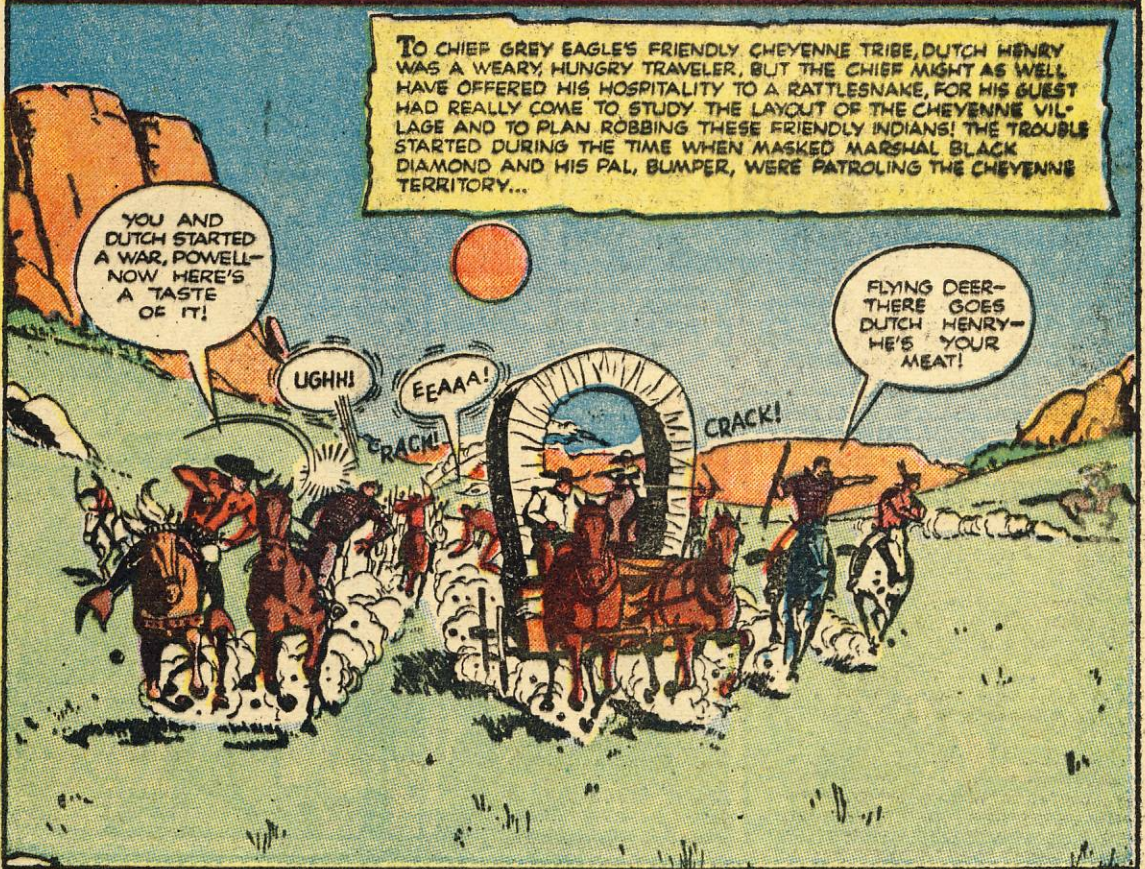
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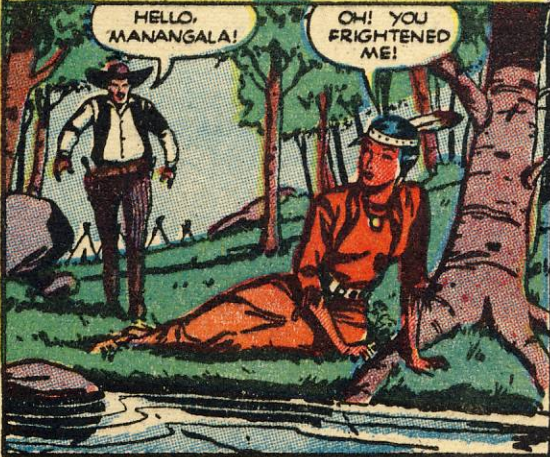
# BLACK DIAMOND

meets ruthless Dutch Henry in "THE VICIOUS CHEYENNE EPISODE"

TO CHIEF GREY EAGLE'S FRIENDLY CHEYENNE TRIBE, DUTCH HENRY WAS A WEARY, HUNGRY TRAVELER, BUT THE CHIEF MIGHT AS WELL HAVE OFFERED HIS HOSPITALITY TO A RATTLESNAKE, FOR HIS GUEST HAD REALLY COME TO STUDY THE LAYOUT OF THE CHEYENNE VIL- LAGE AND TO PLAN ROBBING THESE FRIENDLY INDIANS! THE TROUBLE STARTED DURING THE TIME WHEN MASKED MARSHAL BLACK DIAMOND AND HIS PAL, BUMPER, WERE PATROLING THE CHEYENNE TERRITORY...



WHILE DUTCH HENRY FOUND THE PLAN OF ROBBING THE CHEYENNES VERY INTERESTING CHIEF GREY EAGLE'S PRETTY DAUGHTER, MANANGALA INTERESTED HIM EVEN MORE...



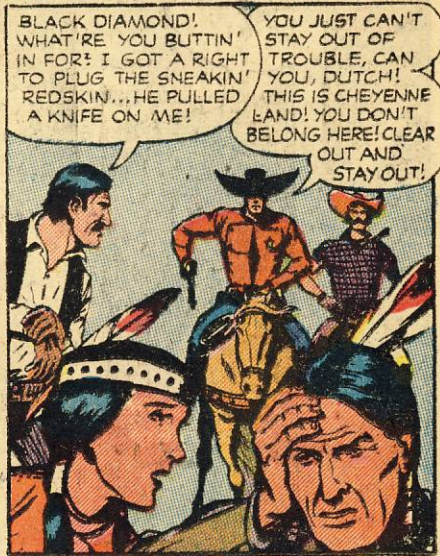


BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MANANGALA, HAD A BOY FRIEND, A BRAVE NAMED FLYING DEER, WHO WATCHED DUTCH HENRY'S ATTENTIONS TO HIS BETROTHED WITH GROWING ANGER...

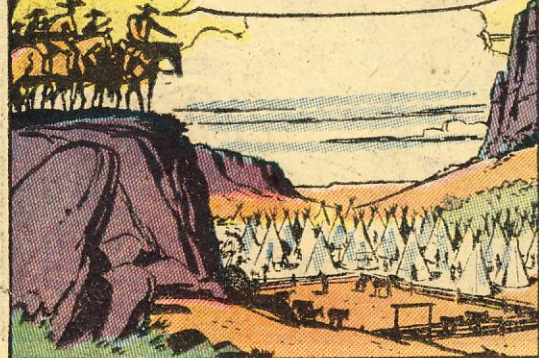


THEN, UNAWARE OF TWO WITNESSES, DUTCH MAKES THE WRONG MOVE AS BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER, WHO ARE PAYING CHIEF GREY EAGLE A VISIT, APPROACH...



DUTCH HENRY CLEARED OUT, BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, HE RETURNED WITH HIS GANG, GUS HARNES, PINTO O'NEIL, DUSTY POWELL, WHITEY WATSON AND BOWIE BILL EDWARDS TO CARRY OUT THE ROBBERY...

GUS, WHITEY AND PINTO COME WITH ME! WE'LL KEEP THE VILLAGE BUSY WHILE BOWIE BILL AND DUSTY CLEAN OUT THAT CORRAL AND DRIVE THE CHEYENNE'S PONIES DOWN THERE TO THE HILLS! THE INJUNS CAN'T DETECT A TRAIL OVER SOLID ROCKS! LET'S GO BEFORE BLACK DIAMOND SHOWS UP AGAIN! LET'S GO!





# BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THEN DUTCH HENRY TOOK CARE OF SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS...



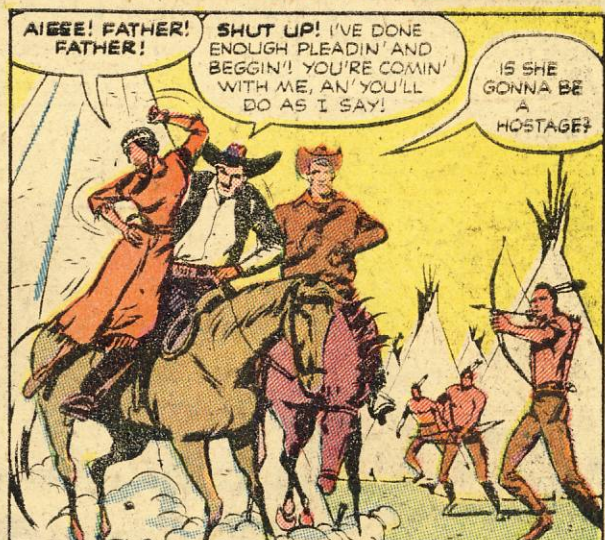
NO, YA DON'T!  
AIEEE!  
CRACK!  
CRACK!  
CRACK!

SHOOT DOWN ANYBODY THAT TRIES TO GET IN HERE, WHITEY! WELL, CHIEF GREY EAGLE, I CAN'T DO A HEAP OF TALKIN', SO I'LL PUT IT TO YA STRAIGHT! I WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO BE MY SQUAW!

BETRAYOR! KILLER! YOU SHALL NEVER HAVE MANANGALA! YOU DESERVE ONLY ONE THING!



YOU MUST DIE! AGHRRR...  
NOT BY YOUR HAND, EAGLE!



AIEEE! FATHER! FATHER!  
SHUT UP! I'VE DONE ENOUGH PLEADIN' AND BEGGIN', YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME, AN' YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!  
IS SHE GONNA BE A HOSTAGE?



HOSTAGE, NOTHIN', WHITEY - SHE'S GOIN' TO BE MY WIFE! WHITEY, LOOK OUT!  
YOUR WIFE, DUTCH? THE GANG WON'T LIKE THAT... OHOO!



HEY! WHERE'S WHITEY, DUTCH!  
ONE OF THEM PESKY REDSKINS PUT AN ARROW IN HIS BACK! HURRY, GO HELP DUSTY WITH THE PONIES! WE CAN CORRAL 'EM AT THE HIDEOUT! THEN I'M GOIN' TO FIND ME A PARSON AND GET ME A SQUAW!



TWO HOURS LATER, AGAINST THE ADVICE OF HIS GANG, DUTCH HENRY WAS MARRIED TO GRIEF-STRIKEN, FRIGHTENED PRINCESS MANANGALA BY A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE...  
DO YOU, MANANGALA, TAKE THIS MAN TO BE YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND?  
SHE DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH GOOD! HER ANSWER IS YES! NOW GET ON WITH THE CEREMONY, PRONTO!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



MEANWHILE, AT A WAR COUNCIL, IN THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE, FLYING DEER TRIES TO AVOID TRAGEDY...

ROARING BOAR, YOU ARE ASKING FOR WAR AGAINST OUR WHITE BROTHERS, BECAUSE OF THE EVIL OF A FEW! THAT IS THE WAY OF A MAD DOG!

AND YOU FLYING DEER, WOULD ASK THE MASKED MARSHAL FOR HELP! THAT IS THE WAY OF A WOMAN!

WHERE WAS BLACK DIAMOND WHILE OUR OWN BROTHERS WERE BEING KILLED AND OUR PONIES STOLEN?

YOU ARE NOT ONE OF US, FLYING DEER! GO TO YOUR MASKED MARSHAL! WE WILL GET REVENGE ON THE WHITE MEN OUR OWN WAY! WE KNOW WHERE IS WAGON TRAIN OF WHITE SETTLERS!

YOU TURN YOUR BACKS ON FLYING DEER, WHO HAS LOST MORE THAN ANY OF YOU... MY BETROTHED, MANANGALA!

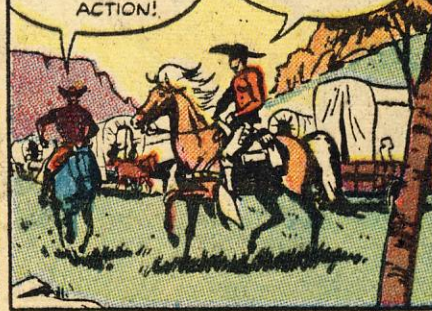
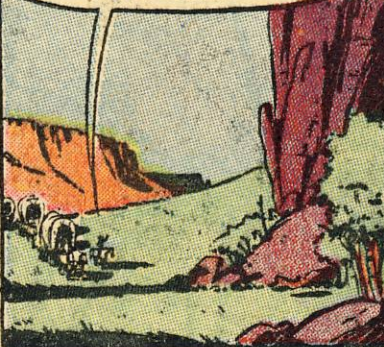
AT THAT MOMENT BLACK DIAMOND WAS FIFTY MILES TO THE EAST, LEADING A WAGON TRAIN THROUGH A LAND OF HOSTILE SAVAGES AND OF EVEN MORE DANGEROUS OUTLAWS...

WELL, DIAMOND, IT'S BEEN ANOTHER QUIET DAY! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE IT CLEAR ACROSS WYOMIN' WITHOUT TROUBLE! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET THIS BUNCH TO THE BORDER AND TURN THEM OVER TO A SCOUT! I'M ACHIN' FOR SOME REAL ACTION!

WE'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO, BUMPER! DON'T LET DOWN YOUR GUARD FOR A MOMENT! A LOT OF MEN WOULD LIKE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON ONE WAGON IN THIS TRAIN—THE ONE WITH THE RIFLES AND AMMUNITION!

I MUST GET BLACK DIAMOND! I KNOW HE LEADS THE WAGON TRAIN! I MUST GET THERE BEFORE MY BROTHERS MAKE WAR ON INNOCENT WHITE SETTLERS!

WE'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH FOR THE DAY, MEN! BRING THE WAGONS AROUND IN A CIRCLE! WE'LL CAMP HERE!



BUT WHILE THE WAGON TRAIN MADE CAMP FOR THE DAY, DUTCH HENRY MADE PLANS OF VIOLENCE AND PLUNDER!

QUIT BELLYACHIN, DUSTY! MANANGALA IS MY LEGAL WIFE! MAYBE SHE DON'T LIKE THE IDEA NOW, BUT SHE WILL WHEN SHE GETS TO KNOW ME BETTER! MEANWHILE, I'M MAKIN' SURE SHE STAYS TILL WE GET BACK!

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH RUSTLIN' PONIES OFF THEM CHEYENNS, DUTCH, BUT KILLIN' THEIR CHIEF AND KIDNAPPIN' HIS DAUGHTER WILL PUT 'EM ON THE WARPATH! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER LET HER GO WHILE WE'RE OFF RAIDIN' THE WAGON TRAIN!

WE SHOULD BE MOVIN' TO SAFER TERRITORY INSTEAD OF RAIDIN' THE WAGON TRAIN! BY THE TIME WE GET BACK, THEM CHEYENNS MIGHT BE HERE WAITIN' FOR US—THEN WE'LL GET THE SAME THING WHITEY GOT—ARROWS IN THE BACK!

YOU HEARD WHAT THEY SAID IN TOWN ABOUT THE WAGON LOAD OF GUNS IN THAT TRAIN! WEAPONS ARE WORTH BIG MONEY! AND BESIDES, BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH THEY'LL BLAME OUR RAIDS ON THE INJUNS AND SEND TROOPS AFTER THEM CHEYENNS! WE'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT... LET'S GO!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

AS THEY REACHED THE WAGON TRAIN, THE TRAVELERS WERE SLEEPING AND BLACK DIAMOND WAS STANDING WATCH...



KEEP LOW! WE'LL HAVE TO SLUG THE GUARD—A SHOT WOULD WAKEN THE WHOLE CAMP! LET'S GO—BUT BE QUIET!



WHEEEEE!!

SOMETHING'S BOTHERING RELIAPON! I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AROUND...



SO BLACK DIAMOND IS THE SENTRY!

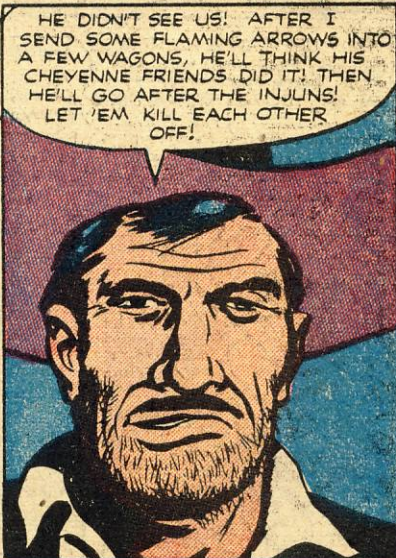
UGGHH!



WHAT'S THAT? DID YOU CALL ME, DIAMOND? OHHHH!

THE MASKED MARSHAL WON'T BE GIVIN' US NO MORE TROUBLE—I'LL SEE TO THAT!

NO, BOWIE! DON'T KILL BLACK DIAMOND!

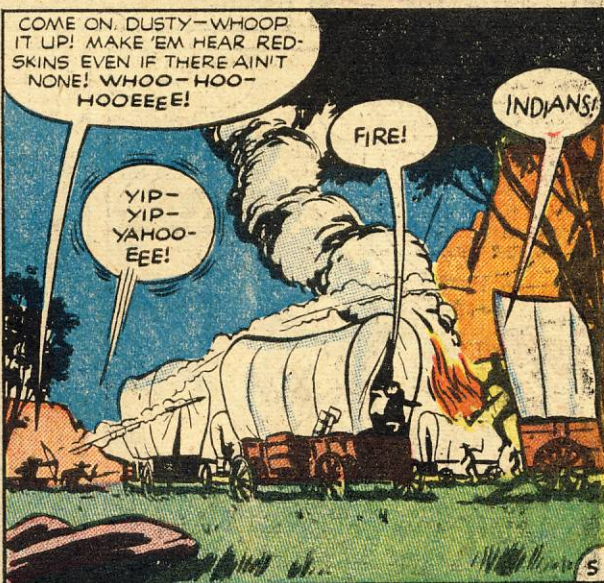


HE DIDN'T SEE US! AFTER I SEND SOME FLAMING ARROWS INTO A FEW WAGONS, HE'LL THINK HIS CHEYENNE FRIENDS DID IT! THEN HE'LL GO AFTER THE INJUNS! LET 'EM KILL EACH OTHER OFF!



DUSTY, YOU STAY HERE WITH ME! BOWIE, YOU, GUS AND PINTO FIND THAT WAGON WITH THE RIFLES! DON'T WASTE NO TIME—GET OFF WITH THE WAGON FAST! WE'LL BE FOLLOWIN'!

RIGHT, DUTCH!



COME ON, DUSTY—WHOO! IT UP! MAKE 'EM HEAR RED-SKINS EVEN IF THERE AIN'T NONE! WHOO—HOO—HOOEEEE!

YIP—YIP—YAHOO—EEE!

FIRE!

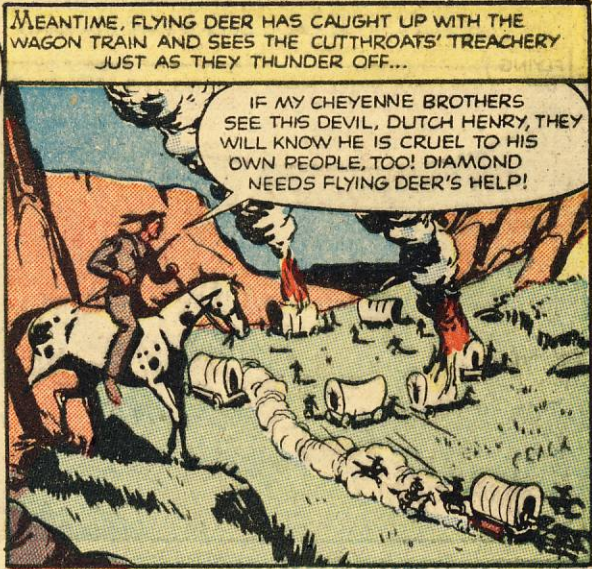
INDIANS!





BOWIE'S GOT THE WAGON, DUTCH! IT'S FULL OF GUNS, POWDER KEGS AND BOXES OF SHELLS! THERE HE GOES!

GOOD WORK, BOYS! JUST ONE MORE FLAMING ARROW— THEN WE CLEAR OUT!



MEANTIME, FLYING DEER HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE WAGON TRAIN AND SEES THE CUTTHROATS' TREACHERY JUST AS THEY THUNDER OFF...

IF MY CHEYENNE BROTHERS SEE THIS DEVIL, DUTCH HENRY, THEY WILL KNOW HE IS CRUEL TO HIS OWN PEOPLE, TOO! DIAMOND NEEDS FLYING DEER'S HELP!

FLYING DEER FINDS HIS FRIENDS UNCONSCIOUS, AND WORKS FAST...



OH, MY HEAD!

YOU WANT MORE WATER? YOU FEEL BETTER?

YOU'VE DONE PLENTY ALREADY, FLYING DEER! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT FROM THOSE SETTLERS!

THERE'S ONE OF THE SNEAKIN' SAVAGES NOW! I SAY WE GIVE THE REDSKINNED BUZZARDS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

SHUT UP, JUDSON! ANYBODY WHO LAYS A HAND ON FLYING DEER GETS HIS HEAD BUSTED OPEN!

YOU DON'T THINK HE'D STICK AROUND HERE IF HE HELPED RAID, DO YOU?

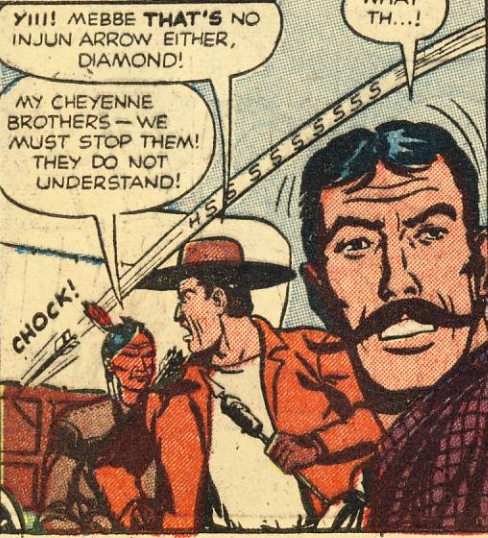
I GUESS YOU'RE GOIN' TO TELL US NEXT THAT IT WASN'T INJUNS AT ALL! WELL, BEFORE YOU TRY THAT HERE'S PROOF! WHITE MEN DON'T USE FLAMING ARROWS!

YOU'RE WRONG! FLYING DEER SEE DUTCH HENRY AN' FIVE WHITE MEN SHOOT FIRE ARROWS

FLYING DEER IS TELLING THE TRUTH, JUDSON— THAT'S NO INDIAN ARROW!



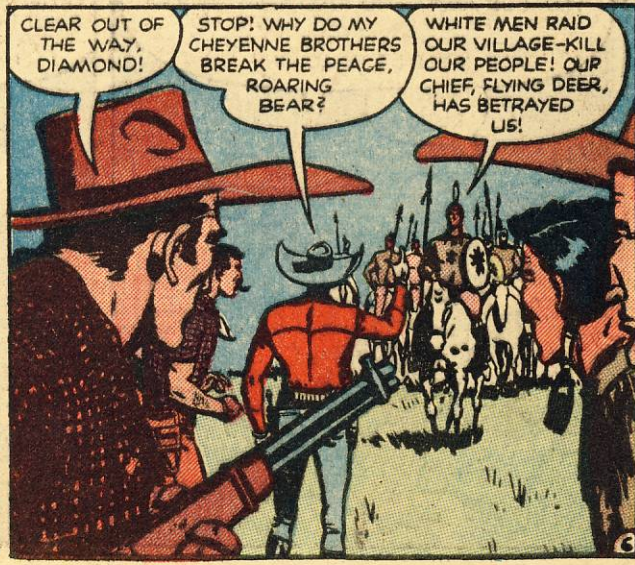
SUDDENLY...



YIII! MEBBE THAT'S NO INJUN ARROW EITHER, DIAMOND!

MY CHEYENNE BROTHERS— WE MUST STOP THEM! THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

WHAT TH...!

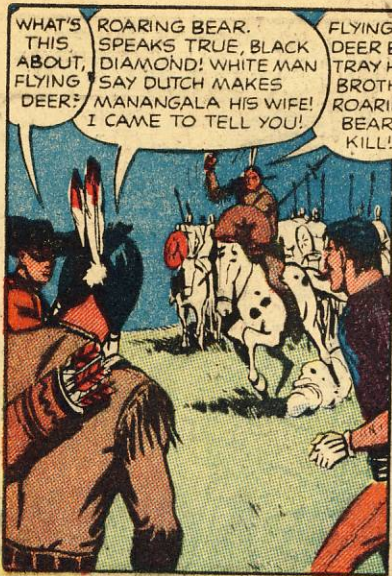


CLEAR OUT OF THE WAY, DIAMOND!

STOP! WHY DO MY CHEYENNE BROTHERS BREAK THE PEACE, ROARING BEAR?

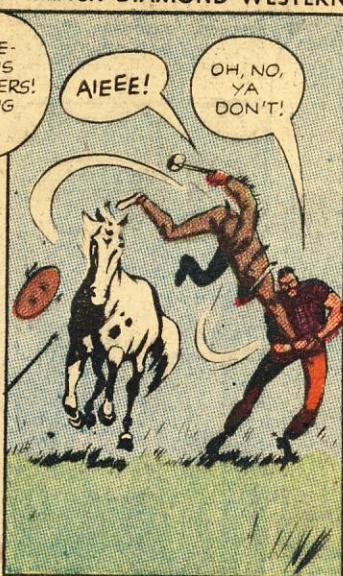
WHITE MEN RAID OUR VILLAGE— KILL OUR PEOPLE! OUR CHIEF, FLYING DEER, HAS BETRAYED US!





WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, FLYING DEER?  
 ROARING BEAR SPEAKS TRUE, BLACK DIAMOND! WHITE MAN SAY DUTCH MAKES MANANGALA HIS WIFE! I CAME TO TELL YOU!

FLYING DEER BETRAY HIS BROTHERS! ROARING BEAR KILL!



AIEEE!  
 OH, NO, YA DON'T!



STOP! ALL OF YOU! DON'T YOU SEE? THIS IS ALL DUTCH HENRY'S DOING! HE WANTS US TO HATE EACH OTHER, TO MAKE WAR! HE HAS STOLEN GUNS AND AMMUNITION... WHILE YOU FIGHT HE'LL PLUNDER AND ROB! DUTCH HENRY IS THE REAL ENEMY! LET'S GET HIM... NOW!

BLACK DIAMOND'S FIERCELY SPOKEN WORDS QUICKLY BROUGHT BOTH SIDES TO THEIR SENSES! REDMEN JOINED WHITE IN A POSSE THAT RELENTLESSLY PURSUED DUTCH HENRY AND HIS GANG! IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE THEY PICKED UP THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL...



THEY'LL CATCH UP TO US IN A MINUTE, BOWIE! MAKE THE HORSES GIVE... PINTO, GET IN THE WAGON - YOU CAN PICK 'EM OFF BETTER FROM THERE!



BUT THE CHEYENNES, LED BY DIAMOND, SOON OVERTAKE THE AMMUNITION-LADEN WAGON...

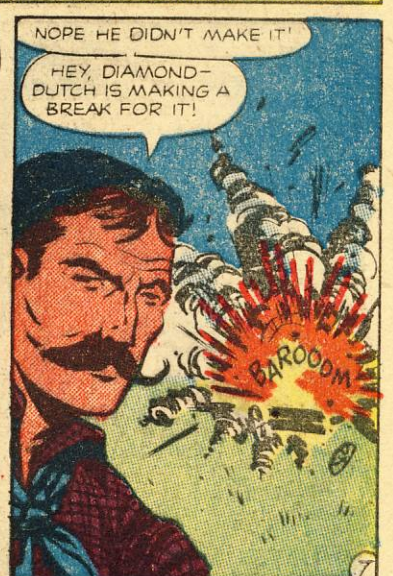
KEEP AWAY FROM ME, DIAMOND!  
 ANGH...  
 AGHRRR!



PINTO! LOOK! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!  
 EEEAGHHHH!



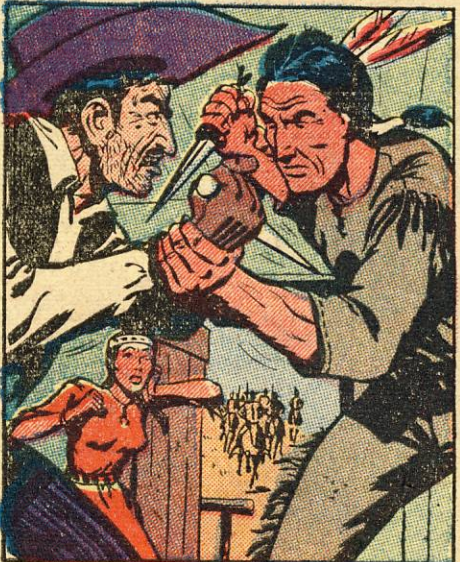
N...NO MORE, DIAMOND... I...  
 ONE OF 'EM IS TRYIN' TO DITCH THE WAGON BEFORE IT GOES SKY HIGH! BUT IT'S TOO LATE, JUDSON!



NOPE HE DIDN'T MAKE IT!  
 HEY, DIAMOND - DUTCH IS MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



AAGGG!

THE END



**YOU can WIN**

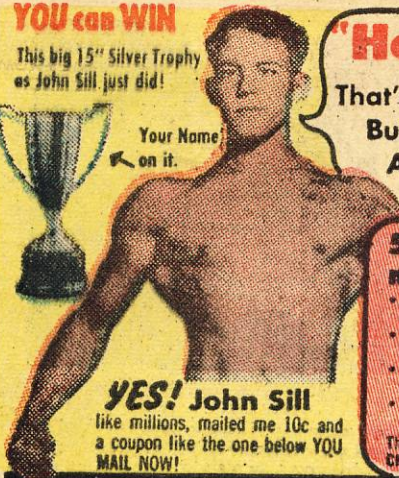
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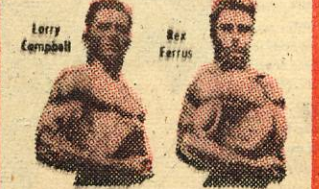
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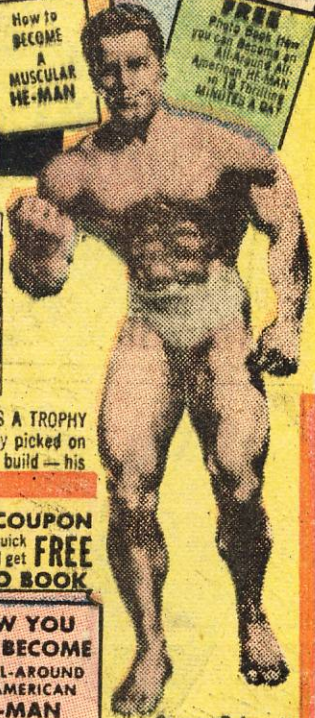
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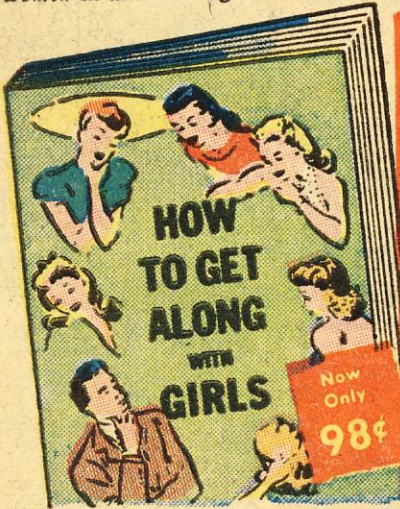
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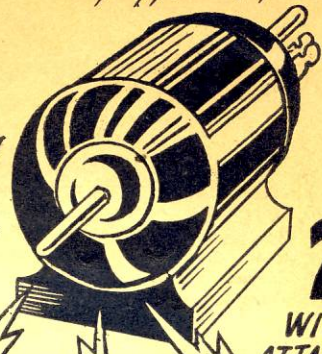
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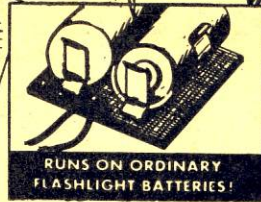


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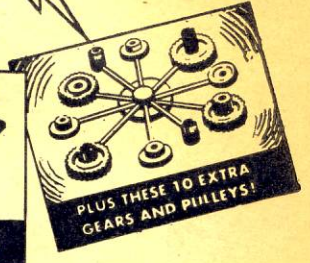
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